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PICKWICK ABROAD;

OR THE TOUR IN FRANCE:

A SERIES OF PAPERS COMPILED FROM THE PRIVATE NOTES AND
MEMORANDA OF SAMUEL PICKWICK, ESQ.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE HUNDRED DAYS OF THE PICKWICK ERA.—THE SUPPER-PARTY.—
MESSIEURS PEACOCK AND BRANDENBERGH.—THE REPAST IN THE
ENGLISH FASHION.—SOMETHING IS LEFT FOR THE NEXT CHAPTER.

It is a remarkable fact, that neither the private note-book of Mr. Pickwick, or of Mr. Tupman, furnishes us with any particulars relative to the immediate consequences of the latter gentleman's extraordinary trip to Saint Omer's. It is not less worthy of consideration, that a little more than three months was suffered to pass away without the slightest benefit to the said memoranda-books. The faithful historian, as well as the public, is therefore left in the dark relative to the transactions that occupied those Hundred Days, which form the most memorable epoch in this history, on account of the impervious gloom that envelopes them, and which consequently vie in importance with the similar period of time so justly celebrated in French history.

About the middle of March, 1835, a gentleman, clad in a suit of dark blue, with red cuffs and collar, an oil-skin hat surmounted by a tri-coloured cockade, and a large leathern box hanging by means of straps of the same from his neck, walked, as indeed he did every morning at the same hour, hastily down the Rue Royale Saint Honoré, and turned into the court-yard of a magnificent house over the gateway of which was painted in large letters the number "18." The gentleman in blue stopped at the porter's lodge, opened the leathern box aforesaid, and thence extracted a letter, for which the porter immediately paid the price demanded. The gentleman in blue—or, in other words, the general-postman—then impelled himself once more into a species of rail-road walking speed, and instantaneously disappeared from the range of the porter's visual organs.

In the space of five or ten minutes, another gentleman, habited in a

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gay suit of livery, and with a face so good-humoured, that he looked for all the world like a peripatetic jest-book, emerged from the entrance to a stair-case at the bottom of the yard, and sauntered leisurely up to the porter's lodge to enquire by signs rather than words if there were any letters for his master. The newly-arrived epistle was forthwith produced, and Mr. Samued Weller, whom the reader has doubtless already recognised, glanced carelessly over the address, and retraced his steps to the suite of apartments occupied by his master and that gentleman's friends, on the third storey, observing to himself as he went along, "Vell, I s'pose that this here is another eighteen sous' worth o' poetry from Mr. Snodgrass. Wery fertile in inventions them poets air, to be sure; and many admirayble schemes is projected now-a-days, as the minister said ven the gen'leman proposed to make ship-biskits out o' Canada timber."

Mr. Weller rang at the bell of the suite of apartments before mentioned, and a ruddy-looking French girl opened the door. Sam bestowed a patronising smile upon this specimen of the beauties of Auvergne or Burgundy, and proceeded to the dining-room, where Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and Mr. Winkle were seated at the breakfast table.

"What! another letter—and from Snodgrass too!" said Mr. Pickwick, receiving the epistle from the hands of his valet. "Really that young man has an astonishing head," added Mr. Pickwick, gravely shaking his own.

"Is it in poetry again?" enquired Mr. Winkle, with evident signs of satiety of that article, which he wisely deemed to be more ornamental than useful.

"No—it is not," continued the great man, carefully unfolding the letter.

"Vell, that's a blessin'," said Mr. Weller, deliberately.

"You may retire, Sam," suggested Mr. Pickwick mildly; and, when the door had closed behind the retreating domestic, the contents of the letter were read as follows—

"March 12.

"Dear Pickwick,

"I write to inform you that a most dreadful murder has been committed at Putney, on the person of Signora Sqorlini, an Italian singer, and that Inspector Higgs and Policeman Smill are using tremendous exertions to discover the assassins. If it were not for the expense of postage, I should send you a sweet little poem of three hundred and fifty lines in running measure, which I wrote upon the occasion.

"I am delighted to hear that you and our friends have got into comfortable lodgings; as the hotel bills must have been ruinous in the extreme. Inspector Higgs and Police Smill have just passed by our house in a tax-cart at full gallop, as it appears that two countrymen were drinking last night at a tavern in the neighbourhood, and displayed several half-crowns when they paid their bill. The whole affair has caused a tremendous sensation, especially amongst the itinerant ballad-singers; one of whom, by the bye, is bawling underneath my window at this very moment. A weekly paper, that would

most likely have fallen last Sunday, has made its fortune by this providential circumstance; the shareholders, I understand, are elated at the news of the murder to an extraordinary degree.

"Mr. Smuggles, the spirited landlord of the tavern at which Signora Sqorlini was murdered, is showing her body to the public at sixpence a-head. Three hours have elapsed since I commenced this letter, and Inspector Higgs and Policeman Smill are still using tremendous exertions. This afternoon Mr. Smuggles had an interview with Mr. Peddlesworth the magistrate, but the result is not known. As the weekly paper, before alluded to, advertises 'The fullest, most correct, and most important account' of the murder, together with an engraving of the same, to be given away 'gratis' with the journal itself, I shall take care and forward you a number.

" *March 13, 10 A. M.*

"Inspector Higgs and Policeman Smill overtook the countrymen who were going into the country to work for a farmer by whom they were particularly engaged. This morning they were brought up before Mr. Peddlesworth, when Mr. Smuggles was also in attendance. It however turned out that the poor fellows were two honest men, and that they have lost their places by this delay. Mr. Peddlesworth told them 'to mind and not be had up before him again on suspicion, or they'd know the reason why,' and dismissed them with a severe reprimand. Inspector Higgs and Policeman Smill are now gone on another track, and are using every exertion to detect the assassin. It appears that immediately after the liberation of the two countrymen, information was received at the police-office concerning an individual whose appearance seemed to justify the suspicions that were entertained with regard to him. He carried a thick stick, evidently for bad purposes—was wild and incoherent in his manners—refused to utter a single syllable which any body might understand—and had drank three pots of half-and-half, besides two sixpenny glasses of grog, at a public-house in the vicinity of the police-office. No doubt, therefore, remains as to his identity with the heartless assassin; and it is confidently hoped that Inspector Higgs and Policeman Smill will capture him before night.

" *4 P. M.*

"The individual above alluded to, has been taken, and has undergone a very severe examination before Mr. Peddlesworth. The office was crowded to excess. Mr. Smuggles, whose conduct has been highly praiseworthy since the discovery of the horrid crime, was again in attendance. I understand he is a short, well-looking man, and wears a blue coat and tops and cords. It is said he has cleared eighty pounds by exhibiting the body. He put five pounds into the parish poor-box this very morning.

"The prisoner, who had been discovered drinking in an obscure tavern, was so overcome by his feelings or the liquor he had drank, that it was found impossible to elicit any thing from him. The worthy magistrate accordingly remanded him, observing 'that he had no doubt as to the prisoner's guilt, for a more atrocious-looking scoundrel was never brought before him during the twenty years he had sate on that bench.' The crowd was loud in its applauses of the successful exertions of Inspector Higgs and Policeman Smill.

"*March 14, 3 P. M.*"

"This morning the prisoner was again brought up for further examination. Mr. Smuggles and several other publicans were present. It however appears that the accused was an honest rat-catcher, and that his extraordinary behaviour yesterday was to be attributed only to the effects of his potations. Mr. Peddlesworth accordingly fined him five shillings, ordered him to pay the office-fees, and find bail for his future good conduct. A master chimney-sweeper and a tripe-man, who were in attendance, entered into the required recognizances, and the prisoner was ordered to be discharged. I shall now despatch this letter, and acquaint you with the result of the affair in a few days.

"With best remembrances to Tupman and Winkle, believe me yours most truly,

"AUGUSTUS SNODGRASS.

"P. S.—Inspector Higgs and Policeman Smill are again using every exertion to discover the assassin."

"This is a very extraordinary communication," said Mr. Pickwick, as he leisurely folded up the letter, and conveyed it to his pocket.

"Most mysterious affair," observed Mr. Tupman. "I wonder what sort of a looking girl Signora Sqorlini was."

"It certainly is an intricate business," added Mr. Winkle. "But instead of wasting our time in thinking of it, we had better attend to the arrangements necessary for the party this evening."

"Winkle is right," said Mr. Pickwick, hastily. "For my part, I have still a call to make—I forgot yesterday to invite our friend Scuttle."

"How many will there be?" enquired Mr. Tupman.

"About eight of us altogether, I believe," answered Mr. Pickwick; "for your friend Walker, Tupman, promised to bring a couple of gentlemen with him in order to make up two rubbers."

"And pray who are they all?" demanded Mr. Winkle.

"Our three selves," readily replied Mr. Pickwick, counting upon his fingers—"Mr. Scuttle, Mr. Walker, and Mr. Chitty—that's six—and Walker's two friends, make eight."

"I promised to meet Walker, to see about the music, this morning," said Mr. Tupman, rising from the breakfast-table, and surveying himself in the looking-glass with an air of peculiar complacency and satisfaction.

"Very well," exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, displaying his usual presence of mind and extraordinary calmness on this as well as on every other occasion;—"you had better go at once, Tupman, to secure the musicians; you, Winkle, will stay at home to arrange the supper with Sam and the cook; and I will just step up to the Rue Taitbout and invite Mr. Scuttle."

Mr. Tupman and Mr. Pickwick accordingly issued from their abode to execute their several commissions, and Mr. Winkle summoned Mr. Weller to his presence to discuss the important matter of supper.

"Sam," said Mr. Winkle, when that gentleman had made his appearance, "we are going to have a small party this evening."

"Any petticoats, Sir?" enquired Mr. Weller, abruptly.

"No, Sam," answered Mr. Winkle, adopting the same strain of oriental allegory—"all breeches."

"That don't perwent married vimen from bein' present, Sir," observed Mr. Weller; "some on 'em is so verry full o' sperets, they'd put on the emperor's tights and gaiters, Sir, sooner than not vear the breeches at all."

"Would they, indeed, though?" said Mr. Winkle, somewhat incredulously.

"Would they not, Sir?" rejoined Mr. Weller. "To be sure they vould—and vithout delay, too, as the verry polite minister said to the poor leftenant as asked for permotion. Vimen is terrible wixens at times."

"But you are married yourself, Sam?" suggested Mr. Winkle.

"So air you, Sir—and so vos my unfortunate friend, Tom Snell, the thimble-rig man, afore he shut his-self up in the vorkus in down-right despair."

"Well—but about this party, Sam," said Mr. Winkle, somewhat impatiently.

"There'll be a supper, s'pose?" suggested Mr. Weller.

Mr. Winkle nodded an affirmative.

"English or French style?" demanded Sam.

"Why—the guests are all English—and so the supper may as well be," reasoned Mr. Winkle with admirable logic.

"Just so," said Mr. Weller. "Let's give 'em a reglar English turn out, as the King remarked ven he asked the French Ambassador to dine off a leg o' mutton and ingun sauce."

"That is precisely my idea," coincided Mr. Winkle. "What shall we have, Sam?"

"Biled tripe ain't no bad thing, Sir," answered the valet; "an' beef-steak puddin' is better than nothin' at all."

"Are they good things for supper, Sam?" demanded the gentleman whom Mr. Pickwick, with his usual prudence, had left to cater in his absence.

"No fault to be found vith them 'ere, Sir, as the dentist said to the lady ven he drew the wrong teeth. But I tell you vot it is," added Mr. Weller, applying his finger to his nose and considerably disturbing both; "leave the arrangement of the grubbin' part of the vork to me, and I'll be bound the gov'nor shan't repent the depittysnip."

Mr. Winkle yielded to Sam's persuasion, after a moment's reflection, and thus terminated the important consultation in a manner about as satisfactory as if it had been the result of a ministerial debate on some measure calculated to assist the starving poor of England.

At seven o'clock in the evening, the apartments, occupied by the Pickwickians, were one blaze of light, and one echo of laughter and glee. At a little distance from the drawing-room fire were ranged the founders of the feast, and their several guests. Mr. Tupman was in the easy chair—Mr. Winkle was in ecstasies—and Mr. Pickwick in pumps and silk stockings. Next to the first-named gentleman, was Mr. Hook Walker, whose clothes, had they not been seen by candle-light, would have entitled him to the gratifying distinction of the Genius of Seediness; but being deeply in his tradesmen's debt, it may very well be inferred that he was not a little in their good books. At Mr. Pickwick's right hand sate Mr. Septimus Chitty, Author of the "Creation," &c., &c., and exhaling from his scented cambric handker-

chief as extensive an atmosphere of lavender-water as if he had been a walking Sultan. Mr. Scuttle was also there; and he seemed so exceedingly fat, that he might well have been taken into consideration by the Municipal Corporation Bill, had such a measure at that period engaged the attention of the English senate.

Next to Mr. Scuttle was a tall, good-looking young gentleman, of about two-and-twenty, with very long hair curling over his back, and a slight appendage of the same to his upper lip. He wore a light blue stock, a figured black silk waistcoat, three watch-chains, gold studs to his shirt, magnificent rings on his finger, black coat and trowsers, and patent leather boots. At the first cursory glance, he might have been mistaken for an itinerant jeweller's shop; but a moment's consideration would enable the most opaque mind to come to the conclusion, that he had merely profited by the kindness of a tradesman who had evidently had faith enough to remove entire chains—of mountains.

This phenomenon was supported by a youth who might very well have been taken for the David to his Goliath of a companion. He also wore long ringlets and a plurality of chains, and was attired in a green cut-away coat with brass buttons, the remainder of his attire, with the exception of his linen, being jet black. To be brief, there was a kind of out-and-out rakish and knowing appearance about these two gentlemen, that qualified them amazingly well for their respective names, the former delighting in the appellation of Peacock, and the latter illustrating the patronymic of Brandenbergh.

"Capital fun, wasn't it Peacock?" blandly appealed Mr. Brandenbergh to his friend, to prevent the possibility of his ever being distantly suspected of leasing.

"Rummiest lark I ever had," was the reply, corroborative of the truth of a tale just invented and related by his companion.

"I should think it must have been very amusing," observed Mr. Pickwick, waking up from a doze of ten minutes, during which Mr. Brandenbergh's tale had lasted.

"Why, what do you think?" continued Mr. Brandenbergh, after a moment's prudent reflection: "the lawyers, who chiefly employ the gentleman with whom I am studying for the bar, are such sharp fellows that they advertise something in the following terms:—'Messieurs Hookem and Sharpe beg to inform their friends and the public, that they undertake, at every court, to carry gentlemen through any ordeal which violation of the laws may have subjected them to; that the counsel they employ are peculiarly happy in confounding witnesses during cross-examination; and that they have already saved several noblemen and gentlemen from the gallows, transportation, and the treadmill, respectively for great or minor offences. Business done on ready money terms only.'—What do you think of that for a specimen of the practice of Hookem and Sharpe, who moreover undertake to bribe sheriffs' officers, prove *alibis*, get a man straw bail? &c., &c., &c."

Mr. Pickwick *did* think that two more unmitigated rogues than the legal gentlemen alluded to, were not at that moment unhung; but he contented himself with an expression of astonishment at their great and versatile talents in every branch of their profession.

"Ah!" continued Mr. Brandenbergh, to the infinite delight of Mr. Pickwick; "it is no wonder that they did well; for they commenced upon an excellent foundation. They purchased a business in which ninety-seven suits-at-law, with rich and obstinate clients, had been already commenced; and they bought up at five *per cent.* all the bad bills of the young men about London. That was the way to get on in the profession, and I'm glad I belong to it. But they were born lawyers, you may say; and I only came into the full possession of my talents when I was about twenty-one."

"And a very pretty little reversion it must have been," said Mr. Pickwick, innocently, as he awoke from his third doze. Mr. Brandenbergh looked confused—Mr. Peacock politely requested Mr. Pickwick to "go it again," encouraging him at the same time so to do by calling him "a good old fellow"—and the remainder of the party sipped the wine from the glasses they held in their hands.

"Pray," said Mr. Winkle, addressing himself to Mr. Peacock, whose *dégage* air he considerably admired, "have you left London long, Sir?"

"Oh! no—no—I can't say that I have," was the reply. "I and my friend Brandenbergh are just come for a little excursion, and because the sheriffs of London and Middlesex were too pressing in their invitations—"

"I believe that the city authorities in London are generally kind and affable to their acquaintances?" gravely remarked Mr. Pickwick.

"Very," echoed Messieurs Peacock and Brandenbergh, with ill-suppressed laughter.

"It is a part of their system," added Mr. Walker.

"I once wrote a poem in honour of the Lord Mayor," said Mr. Chitty; "but he never acknowledged the compliment. I had a very great mind—*magnum animum*—to send him another."

"That would have been punishing him too severely," remarked Mr. Peacock. "But, if I'm not mistaken, Sir, you seem well acquainted with the Latin language?"

"Yes, Sir—I flatter myself, Sir—that is," began Mr. Septimus Chitty, "that I am *not* an indifferent scholar. 'Twas I, Sir, who first promulgated the idea that the ancients rode in coaches and public conveyances, Sir—and that even the Grecians had *omnibuses* in common amongst them."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Pickwick, somewhat astonished at this vast display of erudition. "And pray, Mr. Chitty, what makes you think so?"

"The Eton Latin Grammar, to be sure," returned the poet with a triumphant smile, "in which you will find the quotation '*Dores in omnibus*'—the Dorians in omnibuses—'travelled' understood."

No one could resist the force of this argument; and Mr. Pickwick exclaimed "Capital—so it is!" several times, an ejaculation in which he was heartily joined by Mr. Tupman and Mr. Winkle, who looked very much like men perfectly convinced of a difficult matter.

"Very extraordinary!" observed Mr. Scuttle, after a momentary pause: "but not so singular as the fact of my opening the door of my carriage this morning for the horse to get in, and then harnessing myself to the vehicle."

"God bless me!" cried Mr. Pickwick, rubbing his hands together in order to express his mirth through the *medium* of a novel expedient: "that was one of the most remarkable feats you have yet performed."

"Last night," continued Mr. Scuttle, "I was at a party where there was music; and when a gentleman offered me the flute to play an air, I shortly after stirred the fire with the instrument, and began blowing the poker."

"Well—that was *dices*—rich," exclaimed Mr. Chitty, with considerable emphasis upon the verb, in the employment of which he exhibited no small degree of assurance. "But I am afraid," he whispered to Mr. Pickwick, "that our absent friend is a little inclined to cut it fat—*scindere pingue*—on certain occasions."

As the conversation now languished for a few minutes, Mr. Pickwick proposed cards, and Mr. Weller was forthwith summoned to arrange the tables.

"Two fiddles an' a drum is a-vaitin' outside, Sir, in the ante-chamber," said Mr. Weller in a whisper to his master.

"Ah!" responded Mr. Pickwick in the same low tone. "Tupman did not forget the music, then. But let them wait, Sam, till supper-time."

"Wery good, Sir," said Mr. Weller, approvingly.

"I suppose Mr. Winkle took care to see about the supper, Sam—did he not? for I myself couldn't interfere," continued Mr. Pickwick.

"Right as a trivet, Sir," returned Mr. Weller. "There ain't no turtle—and there ain't no wenson; but there's as tidy a little spread as ever von 'ud vish for to see."

"That will do, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, whose expressive countenance beamed with philanthropy and satisfaction.

"Don't you be afeerd, Sir," rejoined Mr. Weller: "I'm vide awake, as the summambalist said ven his nose come in conctect vith the door-post;"—and with these words, Mr. Weller hastened to arrange the two card-tables, upon which he placed the necessary packs and the small quantities of markers for a couple of rubbers of whist. Having thus obeyed his master's directions, he smiled significantly for the behoof of Mr. Winkle to intimate that the supper was getting on to his entire satisfaction, and then retired to the kitchen to drink a social glass of brandy-and-water with the two fiddles and the drum.

Two rubbers of whist were speedily arranged under the auspices of Mr. Pickwick; and the gentlemen accordingly took their seats at the card-tables, at the first of which Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Tupman had to play against Mr. Peacock and Mr. Brandenbergh, while Mr. Scuttle and Mr. Chitty were the antagonists of Mr. Walker and Mr. Winkle at the second. No Panorama, Diorama, Georama, or Neorama, was ever more truly beautiful and attractive than the scene which was now presented by the drawing-room in which the above-named gentlemen were seated; and the good understanding that appeared to exist between Messieurs Peacock and Brandenbergh, especially as they were not opposed to each other, was not the least amusing and remarkable portion of the entertainment. Certain it is that they both held their cards in so awkward a manner, that if they had chosen to look into

each other's hands, and they very likely did, the result of the game could not long remain a mystery.

"*Bené lusus*—well played," exclaimed Mr. Chitty. "So, *scinde via*—cut away, and let us have another rubber before supper."

"That was a part of your system, it seems," observed Mr. Hook Walker.

"I played it in a fit of absence, and by mistake," modestly replied Mr. Scuttle, as he seized hold of Mr. Winkle's hand to snuff the candle with that gentleman's fingers, a mistake which, when discovered, was heartily laughed at.

"I don't know how you are getting on there," said Mr. Pickwick, casting a glance of benevolence and philanthropy at the second table; "but I and Tupman have as yet lost every rubber."

"Odd—this run of luck, isn't it, old fellow?" demanded Mr. Peacock, in a tone of modest appeal to his friend Brandenbergh, as if there were really any thing extraordinary in the several results of the games.

"Very," said Mr. Brandenbergh, as he took a pretty long survey into his partner's hand, and then cast a cursory glance over those of Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Tupman, the effect of which scrutiny was the immediate termination of the seventh rubber in favour of himself and partner. At this crisis, Mr. Weller made his appearance, and hastened to speak in a most mysterious tone to Mr. Pickwick.

"Ten is it, Sam?" enquired that great man, valiantly essaying to rise from his chair in spite of the conspiracy instituted against him by sundry glasses of Bordeaux-Laffitte and rum-punch. He, however, with a little difficulty, eventually performed the *feat*, and got upon his own, to the ineffable admiration of his attentive domestic.

"Ten it is, Sir," said Mr. Weller; "and supper's a-vaitin'." Then in a low voice he whispered in his venerated master's ear—"Come, now—don't you go and get into the wrong box, as the judge said to the thief as comed to vitness in favour of another thief; cos you're rayther fresh as it is—and them new-comers is precious jokers anyhow. You'd only make a old scare-crow o' yourself."

Mr. Pickwick dealt a look of the deepest contempt, mingled with indignation, at the head of his faithful domestic, and, without deigning a reply to the aforesaid advice, requested his friends to walk into the supper-room, an invitation that was immediately accepted, there being a species of scuffle between the poetic Mr. Septimus Chitty and the systematic Mr. Hook Walker, with regard to precedency, a point that was speedily decided by the superior strength of the latter.

When the company was seated at the table, Mr. Weller proceeded to uncover the dishes with a species of satisfaction and triumph that elicited a torrent of applauding smiles from Mr. Pickwick, and impelled Mr. Winkle into a perfect paroxysm of gaiety and mirth. And truly never was a more delicate assortment of provisions set upon a convivial board. The first dish contained an immense beef-steak pudding, that had unfortunately burst in being extricated from the pot—the second, about six pounds of boiled tripe—the third, a pleasing *quantum* of bubble-and-squeak—the fourth, a toad-in-the-hole—the fifth, a bullock's heart roasted—and the sixth, a dainty selection of pork-pies. Messieurs Peacock and Brandenbergh exchanged sus-

picious glances—Mr. Scuttle fancied he was in an English eating-house, and desired Mr. Pickwick, in a peremptory tone, to “fire away”—Mr. Walker commenced a desperate attack upon the boiled tripe, declaring that a good appetite was a part of his system—Mr. Chitty affirmed that it was a “*magnificus spargo*,” a magnificent spread—and the three founders of the feast looked aghast when the unsaintly contents of the several dishes were disclosed to view.

“A wery tidy dis-play it is, too,” observed Mr. Weller, “vich vos the remark made by the gen’leman ven he see the prisoners in the King’s Bench Prison. But precious hard vork I had to make our gal comprehend the nature of them dishes. I thought, however, I’d give you a riglar John Bull’s turn out for vonce in a vay. So, pitch into ’em gen’lemen, as the magistrate said to the soldiers ven he’d read the riot-hact.”

“Sam,” said Mr. Pickwick, in a mysterious tone of voice.

“Sir,” cried the faithful valet.

“Let the music be introduced,” exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, a glow of honest pride animating his benevolent countenance; for, as he gazed around, he saw that he was supported by numerous friends—and he felt that he had done every thing to promote the hilarity of the evening, which indeed he had to the best of his ability, having caused the punch to be circulated no less than seven times before supper, and having drank deeply thereof on each occasion.

“Please, Sir,” remonstrated Mr. Weller, “the music can’t be introduced not by no means.”

“Why not, Sam?” enquired Mr. Pickwick, somewhat angrily.

“Cos, Sir,” was Mr. Weller’s ingenuous and candid reply, “the drum’s so precious drunk, and the two fiddles is so wery quarrelsome, that I can’t get ’em to ac-cord in any other vay than in ’drinkin’ till they can’t see, and in that they seems to be vell qualified to keep time vith each other.”

“I’m afraid, then, gentlemen,” said Mr. Pickwick, “that we shall be obliged to dispense with the music for this evening.”

“Oh! never mind,” interrupted Mr. Scuttle, as he quietly poured some boiling gravy into the hollow of Mr. Chitty’s hand, instead of conveying the same to his own plate: “I dare say we shall do very well without it.”

“So the boy said, Sir,” illustrated Mr. Weller, “ven his master couldn’t find the birch-rod steeped in winegar.—Beg pardon, Sir,” continued Sam, addressing himself to Mr. Pickwick, “but is the bubble-and-squeak good?”

“Excellent, Sam,” replied that gentleman.

“I’ll trouble you for some, then, Mr. Scuttle,” said Mr. Hook Walker; “it is a part of my system to taste every thing that is good.”

“Know how to com-pose it?” demanded Mr. Weller, abruptly, and with a sly wink at Messieurs Peacock and Brandenbergh, whereat those young gentlemen almost went into ecstasies.

“Can’t say I do,” returned Mr. Walker: “it is not a very essential part—”

“Fust get the beef and the greens,” interrupted Mr. Weller, just as Mr. Scuttle consigned the entire supply of the viand solicited by

Mr. Walker to his own especial plate, and considerably forwarded that gentleman the empty dish. Thence sprung an immediate remonstrance, as speedy a rectification of the mistake, and a total oblivion of the *recipe* on the part of Mr. Weller.

"Come—come—that's not fair—*non pulcher est*," exclaimed Mr. Septimus Chitty. "Let us, therefore, restore good humour by drinking a bumper *rotundus*—round."

Mr. Pickwick's head fell upon his hand, and his elbow upon the table: the movement was considered to be expressive of assent, and Mr. Chitty's proposition was immediately adopted and carried into effect. At this moment the door opened, and M. Dumont, who had promised to look in in the course of the evening, made his appearance. This was the signal for an increase of mirth and laughter—the glass circulated freely—the Gendarme soon rendered himself agreeable to the whole company, not even excepting Messieurs Peacock and Brandenbergh—the conversation turned upon M. Vidocq and the recovery of Mr. Tupman's watch—and one of his amusing tales terminated the entertainment of the evening. Mr. Tupman entered the particulars of Dumont's story in his note-book on the following morning; and it is from that authentic source that we are enabled to lay the ensuing interesting narrative, in which some particulars connected with Vidocq occur, before our readers.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE GAMBLER.—A TALE.

THE LOST LETTER.—A GAMING-HOUSE IN THE PALAIS ROYAL.—EMILIE D'ARLY.—THE DESPERATE ATTEMPT.—M. VIDOCQ.—THE RESULT.

THE tale which I am about to relate, will not only introduce the celebrated Vidocq to your notice, but will also give you an idea of the secret service in which the French Police is occasionally employed, and at the same time exhibit in all its worst colours the consequences of that most deadly and baneful of vices—Gaming!

I was one afternoon summoned to the Prefecture de Police, and introduced to the presence of M. de Limeul. This gentleman was the secretary to the Sub-Prefect: and he desired me to be seated with an unusual degree of courtesy, as he prepared to enter upon the matter in which he required my service.

"Dumont," began M. de Limeul; "a young gentleman applied yesterday afternoon at the Prefecture to have his passport signed for Calais; and he inadvertently dropped a certain document—an unsealed letter, in fine—which—"

"Fell into your hands," said I, willing to relieve M. de Limeul from the unpleasant task of recounting the prying and suspicions of a base curiosity.

"You have guessed it, Dumont," said the secretary, with a patronising smile. "Here is the letter—read it."

M. de Limeul handed me the epistle, which I opened and perused; and as nearly as I can now recollect, the contents ran as follows:—

“Dearest Henri,

“How often have I prophesied that gambling would eventually prove your ruin! You remain absent from me during a whole night—you write to me in the morning to inform me of your almost irredeemable losses—and you desire me to prepare myself either for a sudden journey to England, with a large fortune at our command, or to remain in poverty and disgrace at Paris.

“You say you are obliged to present yourself at the Prefecture at an early hour to have your passport signed—you write to me from the house of a friend—you desire me to be happy—you apologize for your seeming neglect (a neglect, alas! to which I am now too much accustomed to be astonished at it) in not returning home if it were even only for a minute—and you tell me *that to-morrow evening will decide your fate*. Have I not often said that though a gambler may prosper for a short time, a sudden reverse will one day most certainly overwhelm him? O Henri, what does all this mean? My mind, already too deeply wounded—I do not mean to reproach—has strange misgivings—my heart is replete with sadness. Pardon me for having recapitulated the contents of your letter; but my affection for you, Henri—and, oh! you know I have loved you as never yet woman loved, Henri—I have cherished your image in my heart from the first moment of our acquaintance—I have nursed you in sickness—I have smiled in the midst of grief to dissipate the dark clouds that hung over your brow—I have supported your indifference, your neglect, and your occasional cruelty. May I not, therefore, say that my affection for you has alone dictated this hasty scrawl—that my love, my deep—sincere—unchangeable love—must plead as extenuation for the tenour of this letter.

“In haste, your most affectionate wife,

“EMILIE D'ARLY.

“Rue Neuve des Mathurins, No. 20.”

“And what is his lordship's pleasure?” said I, as de Limeul received the affecting epistle from my hand.

“D'Arly meditates some crime!” exclaimed de Limeul hastily.

“Or rather he means to essay his luck once more at the gaming-table,” I observed, with all due submission and respect.

“Dumont, I thought you were more cunning,” cried the secretary: “wherefore this sudden arrangement for a prompt departure? Wherefore this determination to have recourse to some desperate measure to re-establish his fallen fortunes? and why should he be so anxious to bear with him to a foreign land the moneys of which he hopes Fortune may put him in the possession?”

“True,” said I, ashamed of my own want of penetration.

“Do you know Monsieur D'Arly?” enquired the secretary.

“I do,” was the reply.

“How?” said the secretary.

“His nightly haunts are the gaming-houses in the Palais-Royal: I have frequently seen him playing heavy stakes in those dens.”

"Will you take upon yourself to watch his motions, and ascertain the nature of the resolutions he may have adopted to retrieve his late losses?" said the secretary.

"I will, Monsieur de Limeul," was my reply; and he waved his hand as a signal of dismissal.

So soon as I had issued from the gloomy walls of the Prefecture, I returned with all possible haste to my lodgings in the Faubourg Saint Antoine, and having doffed my uniform, assumed the plain clothes of a sober and quiet citizen. I then proceeded to the Palais-Royal, and ascended a steep stair-case leading to an extensive suite of apartments on the first floor. An ill-looking fellow gave me admittance, and inquired the nature of my business, which having explained, I was ushered into a small *cabinet* where sate the *genius loci*, in all his glory.

He was an individual of about forty years of age; but untimely wrinkles were traced upon his cheeks. His eyes were dark and sunken; his features were pointed and angular; his looks were suspicious—his frame nervous—and his hands trembled violently. He wore a faded blue velvet cap upon his head—his limbs were wrapped in a soiled party-coloured dressing-gown—and his feet were thrust into immense slippers that almost effectually concealed the dirty stockings he was not ashamed to wear. His shirt was tumbled; the bosom of it was stained with wine; and two or three buttons were wanting. A bottle of claret, half emptied, and a glass, stood on the table before him, amidst a heap of cards, dice, backgammon-boxes, and a quantity of dirty papers covered with figures that indicated deep calculations of the odds and chances of some game. Two or three dice were cut in halves, and evinced proofs of having been "loaded;" others were gathered in a separate heap together, and ticketed with some flash word. Such a scene of dissipation, debauchery, filth, and squalid grandeur never before existed. The furniture was costly in the extreme; but the scarlet cushions of the chairs were stained with wine or grease. The curtains were rich and elegantly hung; but here and there they exhibited the marks of having been injured by candles, and wantonly perforated by foils. The magnificent looking-glass that ornamented the mantel-piece, was cracked across the middle; the clock had lost one of its hands; and the flowers that had formerly embellished the vases, were faded and dead. Such was the appearance of the chamber into which I was shown.

"Oh! Dumont, my worthy friend," cried the hell-keeper—for such you may readily have supposed the individual, already described, to be—"what news this afternoon?"

"I am come to learn some, instead of communicating any," was my reply. "How fared you last evening?"

"Admirably well!" returned the chief of that *pandemonium*: "the bullying Captain de Bellois dropped fifty thousand francs—his cousin, the Count de Lille, lost nearly as much—and young D'Arly, who had already been playing at *Frascati's*, was entirely cleaned out."

"So the evening was favourable," I remarked with an air of partial indifference. "And pray might I ask what was the amount of D'Arly's losses?"

"A cool twenty thousand francs—nothing more!" was the answer,

accompanied by a triumphant smile. "The silly fool! He tore his hair—beat his breast—and actually threatened, in a moment of rabid despair, to rob the bank!"

"Ah!" ejaculated I—"he menaced you with that—did he?"

"Oh! it was but an idle threat. He soon recovered his wonted coolness, and retired to sup at Véfour's with de Bellois and de Lille, with whom he suddenly appeared to be on very intimate terms."

"D'Arly is a great gambler—is he not?" I enquired.

"I should fancy he must be upon your list," was the observation in answer to my demand; "if not—write him down."

I drew my tablets from my pocket, and wrote the following words to the dictation of the hell-keeper.

"Henri D'Arly—lives in the Rue Neuve des Mathurins—is about twenty-five years of age—has been married four years—is supposed to have lost at *Frascati's*, the day after he attained his majority, a hundred thousand francs—boasted on that occasion that he had six times as much left in the French funds—never won five thousand francs at the Palais-Royal at one time—was once suspected of forgery, but hushed up the matter—is now supposed to be entirely ruined."

"A pretty character!" cried I, as I returned my tablets—those tablets on which was written the description of many an individual—to my pocket. I then whispered a few but impressive words of necessary caution in the ears of the gaming-house-keeper, and withdrew to proceed one step farther in the execution of my duty and the orders of the secretary de Limeul.

I issued from the Palais-Royal into the Rue de Richelieu, thence to the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, and hastened to the abode of the afflicted Madame D'Arly. After some delay, I was ushered into her presence; but when my eyes first fell upon her countenance, I was stupified, as it were, at the sight of her extraordinary beauty. She had risen to receive me, and her graceful attitude developed her lovely figure to advantage. She was tall and admirably formed; her light flaxen hair fell upon a neck and shoulders of dazzling whiteness, and partly concealed a bosom that heaved against the pressure of a *corset* adapted to display her voluptuous form. She rather resembled the fine and full-grown women of England, than the more delicate daughters of France. My confusion was only momentary—it was, however, noticed and acknowledged by the blush that mounted on her cheek—and then I was requested to explain the motives of my visit.

"I believe I have the honour of addressing Madame D'Arly?"

The reply was of course in the affirmative.

"The amiable spouse of M. D'Arly?"

"The same—" said the lady, hastily, and somewhat alarmed; "but, pray, what mean these queries?"

"I am afraid, Madam," said I, "that M. D'Arly has lately been unfortunate in—in—"

"In what?" cried the beautiful Emilie, somewhat impatiently.

"In his speculations," said I, desirous of sparing the use of harsh words.

"At the gaming-table! you would add," observed Madame D'Arly with a bitter smile, and a look that expressed the acutest mental agony.

"And he is likely to continue a loser, Madam," I exclaimed, with considerable emphasis.

"Sir," said the lady, rising, "your observations are most singular—your conversation alarms me. Either impertinent curiosity, or a friendly motive, has sent you hither. Before we discourse more intimately on these matters—for such appears your aim—allow me to be acquainted with your name."

"My name is Dumont, at your service," was my reply; "and I am a well-wisher to D'Arly, without having the honour of his acquaintance. But to be brief,—let him not visit the Palais-Royal this evening; but desire him to call upon me, to-morrow morning, at my lodgings in the Faubourg Saint Antoine; and he may not repent his visit. This is the card of my address."

I rose to depart,—but my feet remained rooted to the spot. Emilie's cheeks were white as marble.

"Fear nothing, dear Madam," I cried: "the evil may still be remedied. Your husband stands on the verge of a dangerous precipice—his evil genius is hastening him towards the abyss—and his resolution is frail and feeble. You—Madam—his wife—you must seek him out—'tis for you to undertake that important task—and, if you love him, Madam—warn him—bid him beware, Madam—not to set foot in the Palais-Royal this evening. To-morrow I will explain all;—at present, I can say no more!"

Emilie fell back upon the sofa, crying, "O God! what new afflictions have you in store for me? what have I done to merit thy displeasure?"

I dared not attempt to soothe her—I seated myself once more—and maintained a long unbroken silence, during which Madame D'Arly gave way to the wildness of a grief that developed itself in the most appalling paroxysms. Presently she became calm, and turning towards me, said, "Sir, whoever you may be—you are evidently a friend—a guardian angel sent to warn my husband of his desperate situation. And I love that husband, Sir—oh! I love him beyond all power of description. I dote upon him, despite of his unkindness towards me—I cling to him the more firmly, as his predicament becomes the more deplorable. I refuse with scorn the base offers of the nobles of the land, who would probably treat me with affectionate solicitude—but I would not leave my unfortunate Henri—Henri, the being for whom I have sacrificed so much, endured so much, and shall yet have to pass through so much—Oh! no, not for all the world!"—and she wept bitterly—so bitterly indeed, that the tears trickled down my cheeks as well.

Another pause ensued, which was at length broken by the afflicted lady, as before. Suddenly starting from a reverie of woe, she cried in so wild a tone that I was at first alarmed for the state of her intellects, "Sir—do you know how acutely felt are the tortures of suspense?"

"Not, perhaps, to the same extent as yourself, Madam," was my almost incoherent reply, so deeply was I affected.

"But, if you have ever felt one hundredth part of those tortures which I now feel—I conjure you to relieve my anxiety! Let me know the dreadful truth at once:—what evil awaits my husband this night more especially than on any other? How came you to be acquainted with the desperate state of his circumstances? and what can you reveal to-morrow morning, that I may not know at the present moment?"

"Madam!" I exclaimed, "I take heaven and earth to witness that this must remain a mystery until to-morrow morning:—to-night I have a certain duty to perform—a duty imperatively binding—a duty, in fine, from which I cannot retreat. This night once past—and if your husband shall have followed my advice—he is safe! Let him pursue the contrary route—and he is lost!"

I rose to depart—Emilie came towards me—took me by the hand and said, "Thanks—a thousand thanks for your kindness. I was wrong in endeavouring to learn your secrets; but, oh! you know not to what extremities woman's love will urge her. Save my Henri, *Monsieur*—save him—and I will pray for you—I will worship you—I will love you as a friend—as a sister should love. Oh! save him—I implore you—and the blessing of an omnipotent and all-seeing Judge will ever follow you.—Adieu—and forget not to save my dear lost husband!"

Having uttered these words in a scarcely audible tone, and in a voice that was frequently interrupted by loud sobs which she in vain endeavoured to suffocate, Emilie D'Arly hastened out of the room, leaving me in a state of mind not easily conceived. Some minutes elapsed before I thought of retiring from the apartment; then, collecting my scattered ideas and remembering the business I had in view, I hastily returned to my lodgings. And then there arose in my mind a confusion of ideas, that gradually formed themselves into a distinct comparison between the afflicted wife I had just left, and the remorseless husband I was endeavouring to save from ruin:—the one so pure and spotless—the other so tainted and criminal; the one affectionate and forgiving—the other neglectful and unkind; the one belonging to a celestial sphere—the other attached to the grossest pleasures of life; the one whom you could fall down and worship—the other whose friendship you would scorn; the one chaste and virtuous—the other impure and vicious; the one, in fine, all that is beautiful and divine—and the other all that is dissipated and licentious.

But to proceed. At about nine o'clock I repaired to the Palais-Royal. It was in the month of June—the gay—the laughing—the



smiling month of June—when the gay resorts of the fashionable world of Paris are the most frequented—when the cafés are crowded with

elegantly dressed people—when ices, lemonade, and orange-flower water are discussed with peculiar *goût*—when the Champs Elysées re-echo to the music of Franconi, or of the various surrounding *guingettes*—when the fume of the cigar mingles with the fragrance of sweet flowers—when every heart is light, and when nature itself is radiant with joy. At that season of the year how delicious a resort is the Palais Royal! That magnificent monument, raised by one of the greatest princes that ever swayed the sceptre of France, is *unique* and unequalled by aught in the cities of other nations, and may alone enable Paris to assert her superiority as a metropolis over every other in the world. The lofty colonnades—the splendid shops—the inviting display of luxuries in the windows of the *cafés*—afford a spectacle at once imposing and luxurious.

I was about to ascend the narrow staircase which I had mounted in the morning, and which, as the courteous reader will please to recollect, led to a suite of apartments in which the gambler might gratify his infernal passion—when a gentleman accosted me, and drew me aside.

“What news?” said M. de Limeul—for it was he.

“Patience, Sir,” was my reply; “and to-morrow morning you shall know all.”

“Well—well,” cried the secretary, with unusual good humour; “I know you Gendarmes are not accustomed to be put out of your way by useless interrogations; so I shall not question you farther. One thing, by the bye, I must inform you of; and that is, D’Arly made application this evening at the Prefecture to enquire if any letter addressed to him had been found in the passport office.”

“And of course,” said I, “a reply was given in the negative.”

“Certainly,” exclaimed M. de Limeul; “and an hour after his departure I received a visit from the chief of the Committee of Public Safety—”

“What! Vidocq himself?” cried I in astonishment.

“The celebrated Vidocq himself!” continued the overjoyed secretary; “the prince of escaped galley-slaves—the king of adventurers—the hero of Arras—the member of the Army of the Moon—the president, in fine, of the police for the maintenance of public tranquillity!”

“It could have been no common bribe—” I began.

“Hush!” interrupted de Limeul. “Walls have ears—and the agents of Vidocq have as many ears as eyes. The very echoes of the Palais Royal are pregnant with information and interest for Vidocq. Suffice it to know that he was foiled in his aim—and that for once we shall outwit the cunning fox who has outwitted foxes themselves.”

I saluted de Limeul as he uttered these words, and was not a little pleased to think that I already began to enjoy the confidence of the Sub-Prefect’s secretary. He returned my bow with a species of familiarity which added to my satisfaction, and continued his walk along the colonnade, while I, on my part, repaired to the gambling-house, at which a variety of circumstantial evidence and shrewd conjecture had led me to believe that the misguided D’Arly intended to put some desperate design into execution, unless his wife should have been fortunate enough to have found him, and dissuaded him from any daring attempt or nefarious practice he might have meditated.

At all events I was satisfied with myself: I had even partially overstept the boundaries of duty to rest a moment within the confines of mercy; and had acted humanely and prudently at the same time; for, according to the ethics which the dictates of my own mind suggest, and which my Christian feelings consecrate and legitimize, it is better to prevent the commission of a crime than suffer the malefactor to perpetrate it, when you are aware of his intentions. The ends of public justice are more readily answered by the suppression than the punishment of vice.

When I first entered the *salon*, there were very few people at the *rouge-et-noir* table. It was as yet early; and the adjacent theatres had not closed. I was, however, pleased at being in good time; for I was determined to do my duty, in case necessity should put my fidelity to my employers to the test. In the morning I had acted as a man; at present I was resolved to behave as a Gendarme!

It was nearly twelve o'clock, and large sums had already exchanged owners, when the door was opened with violence, and M. D'Arly entered the room. He was accompanied by Captain de Bellois and the Comte de Lille—two individuals as notorious as their companion for licentiousness of habits, and viciousness of pursuits. You must be informed that circumstances have endowed the Gendarme with a certain penetration and instinct which cause him to see deeply into things the very surface of which would not strike a common observer. Thus was it that, the moment those three gentlemen drew nigh the gaming-table, I saw they were armed. A shudder came over me—for I thought of the unhappy—the beautiful Emilie. Her weeping countenance was vividly depicted to my faithful memory!

Henri D'Arly commenced by putting down a few pieces, which he immediately lost, and I noticed his lip quiver and his hand tremble violently as he watched the chances of the game. Captain de Bellois preserved a strict silence; while the Count, with folded arms, leant against the wall, and kept his eyes immoveably fixed upon his young friend D'Arly. 'Twas horrible to gaze upon the countenances of those three desperate men! D'Arly's cheek was ashy pale—his eyes beamed with unnatural lustre—his nerves were evidently in an extraordinary state of agitation and excitement. At one moment he clenched his fist and ground his teeth—at another he stamped upon the floor—and then apparently resigned himself to the terrible tranquillity of dumb despair.

It seemed that D'Arly had not carried much money with him to the gaming-house; for in a quarter of an hour he was pennyless. It was then that I began to feel an indescribable anxiety oppressing me; and in all the vicissitudes and adventures of my life, I never experienced such strange and unaccountable emotions as I did on this occasion. The image of the weeping Emilie was ever present to my memory; and there I was, armed against her husband! So soon as I was convinced that D'Arly had been "cleaned out," I rose from my seat and drew near the door, in order to place myself between the table and the only means of safe egress the *salon* afforded. At that instant there were but myself, the two *croupiers*, the master of the hell, and the three friends in the room. The servants were occupied in an adjacent apartment, where the noise of *roulette*, and other amusements,

would effectually drown any cries or disturbance that might take place in the *salon* in which we then were. All this my experienced eye discovered in a moment; and I knew that if any desperate deed were meditated, the time of its execution must be now nigh at hand.

Nor was I mistaken. On a sudden D'Arly crossed the room, and placed himself by the side of the keeper of the gaming-house, before whom was a large tin case containing the bank; while the Captain drew near the spot where I was standing. No sooner had the Count noticed these manœuvres than he boldly extinguished the large lamp that hung immediately over the *rouge-et-noir* table. I had suspected, and was prepared for this measure. No sooner were we enveloped in total darkness than I drew a pistol from my pocket—it was only loaded with powder—and immediately fired it. A rush was made towards the door; but I stood with my back against it, and cried in a loud voice—"Gentlemen, I am a Gendarme!" The word "Gendarme" made them recoil for a moment—the door behind me was flung open, and a party of my own *corps*, who awaited outside the signal agreed upon, burst into the room, at the same time that the waiters and visitors entered from the *roulette* apartments on the opposite side. Lights were immediately brought—the Captain was safely detained in my grasp—and the Count and d'Arly were made prisoners by the Gendarmes whose services I had thus taken the precaution of securing.

"O God! my wife—my wife—my dear, dear—unhappy Emilie!" cried D'Arly as he fainted in the arms of his captors.

"It is all through that chicken-hearted fellow we were induced to participate in this infernal scheme," said the Captain, doggedly: "may curses light upon him!"

"We shall all be requested to proceed on a little excursion to Brest or Toulon together, one fine morning next month," said the Count de Lille, with an indifference to his fate that was really remarkable.

"By God—I will sooner die!" exclaimed the Captain; and in an instant he forced himself from my grasp with Herculean strength, drew a pistol from his bosom, fired it at my head, and rushed from the room with the rapidity of lightning. The movement had been so suddenly executed that surprise for a moment rendered me incapable of acting or even thinking for myself; and the stunning noise of the pistol, the ball of which whizzed close to my right ear, so effectually stupified me that the Captain was enabled to accomplish his escape.

Nothing could equal my rage and indignation at this circumstance; and to add to my annoyance, I was immediately assailed by the gibes of the Count, and the reproaches of my comrades. There was, however, no instantaneous remedy; and we were fain to march off our two remaining prisoners to the guard-house close by. The Commissary of Police of the quarter was speedily summoned—a *proces-verbal* was concocted by that magistrate's *amanuensis*—and the two culprits were transported forthwith to the prison of the Conciergerie, just as the grey dawn of morning appeared in the eastern horizon.

Having thus secured those unfortunate victims to a fatal passion, and consigned them to a gloomy dungeon, I repaired to my lodgings in the Faubourg Saint Antoine, and contrived to snatch a few hours

of repose. At seven o'clock I awoke, and again assuming the plain clothes I had worn on the previous afternoon, I sallied forth towards the west end of Paris.

In three quarters of an hour—so great was my speed—I stopped at the gate of the house in which the apartments of Madame D'Arly were situate. Slowly did I ascend the stairs—with a trembling hand did I pull the cord that was attached to the bell—and in a state of inexplicable anxiety was I ushered to the parlour where Emilie was seated on a sofa. Her eyes were red with weeping—her toilet was neglected—her beautiful hair floated negligently over her shoulders. She arose hastily as I entered the room, and seemed about to give utterance to some enquiry; but her tongue refused to perform its vicarious office, and clave to the roof of her mouth.

"Madame D'Arly," said I, "have you received any news concerning your husband?"

She merely shook her head, and sank upon the sofa. My countenance had doubtless portended the terrible tidings that she was doomed to hear.

"You did not see him yesterday, Madam," I continued; "or, if you were so fortunate, he neglected your advice and my injunctions."

"I did not see him, Monsieur Dumont," was the reply—for she now recovered the faculty of speech—"I sought him in vain. I called at all his usual haunts—but he was not to be found.—If you know aught relative to him, keep me not in suspense—Oh! do not torture me—but let me be made acquainted with the worst."

"Your husband, Madam," said I slowly, "went last evening to the Palais Royal—"

"And lost his all—Oh! I thought as much!" screamed the unhappy woman: "and now we are beggars—beggars—without a friend! O God!—O God! what will become of us?"

"Alas! it is sorrowful for me to be the bearer of evil tidings—but—"

"Heavens! explain yourself—my husband—speak, Sir—my husband—is he alive?" cried Emilie, in a tone expressive of the acutest agonies.

"Your husband *is* alive, Madam—but—" and I hesitated.

"But what? Speak, I conjure you—are you come hither to torment me?—speak—I am nerved—Oh! yes, too well nerved to listen to all the horrors you may yet have to unfold," she added in a voice of bitter irony, as if, in the midst of despair, she could dare to laugh at a farther complication of ills.

"Henri D'Arly is in a criminal gaol!" said I, seeing it was impossible to withhold the sad news an instant longer.

One long—loud shriek issued from the lips of the wretched woman, and had I not caught her in my arms, she would have fallen from the sofa to the floor. I summoned her attendants, and consigned my lovely burden to their care, informing them that I was the bearer of unhappy tidings relative to her husband, and that I had chosen to communicate them in person, fearful lest the afflicted wife should have been condemned to peruse an unvarnished and unextenuating account of the transaction in the public journals, or have been informed of Henri's disgrace by some officious person whose want of

feeling might cause him to speak in no measured terms. Having thus explained the motives of my visit, and partially accounted for the situation in which Madame D'Arly was discovered by her servants, I retired, and proceeded to the office of the Committee for the Maintenance of Public Security.

"Can I be favoured with ten minutes' audience of Monsieur Vidocq?" was my enquiry of the domestic whom I encountered in the antechamber.

"*Entrez*," replied the servant—and I was ushered into the presence of the most celebrated autobiographer of the age.

"What is your name?" demanded M. Vidocq's somewhat sternly.

"Dumont, at your service," was the respectful answer.

"I have waited for you above an hour," observed Vidocq, suffering his tone to become more conciliatory.

"You waited for me!" exclaimed I in astonishment, well knowing that I had not breathed my intention of calling upon the great man to a single soul.

"Certainly!" cried M. Vidocq, with a triumphant smile. "You suffered Captain de Bellois to escape last night—and all the cunning of your comrades, Gendarmes as ye are, will not be able to detect his hiding-place without my aid. Did I, therefore, mis-calculate my man? Did I not foresee this visit? O Dumont—Dumont!" he added with an ironical chuckle; "you laughed last night at hearing de Limeul—the poor fool!—talk of out-witting Vidocq; and now you seek my aid and advice!"

"If I uttered any thing disrespectful," I began, more and more astonished at what I heard—"I am sorry—"

"Oh! no—I am accustomed to *hear* myself somewhat singularly spoken of at times, Dumont; and I know that you merely laughed reciprocally to your master's humour. You would have shed tears had he wept: such is human nature!—But, now—with regard to this Captain? Your credit will suffer if he be not found—eh?"

"Beyond all doubt, you are acquainted with my thoughts as well as with my actions," said I submissively.

"Frankly acknowledged, Dumont!" exclaimed Vidocq: then consulting some papers that lay before him, he added in a measured tone of voice as his eye glanced over them—"He must be in the Marais—Rue Charlot—at the house of a woman of the town—Mademoiselle Lemoine—Number 7—where he may be found at this moment. Go—I have put you in the way of regaining your prisoner, Dumont—depart!"—and, without waiting to be thanked, this extraordinary man pushed me gently out of his office.

Overjoyed at the successful result of my visit to M. Vidocq, I immediately jumped into a cabriolet, and, according to his directions, repaired to the Rue Charlot. I alighted from the vehicle at the commencement of the street, and proceeded to the house that had been indicated to me.

"Does a certain Mademoiselle Lemoine reside here?" enquired I, of the porter who was quietly mending a pair of shoes in his lodge.

"To-morrow afternoon," was the reply.

"Mademoiselle Lemoine?" I cried louder than before; "does she reside here?"

"Oh! I thought you were asking after the pork-butcher's shoes, my friend," returned the porter; "but, tell Mademoiselle Lemoine that I cannot give her any more credit, and that if she receive her lovers so late as two o'clock in the morning—"

I stayed to hear no more—the deaf porter's remark was more than sufficient to corroborate the statement of one whose information was seldom, if ever, found to be incorrect. I accordingly hastened up stairs, opining that the gallant lady resided in the garret—the usual abode of such dames—and knocked at the first door which met my eyes in a long dark gallery on the top floor. A suspicious noise at the lock of the door convinced me that some one was employed to *reconnoître* the visitor; I therefore, without any more ado, applied a vigorous kick to the fragile barrier, and forced an easy passage into the chamber.

"Upon my word!" cried Mademoiselle Lemoine—for so I supposed a half-naked, haggard-looking female to be—"here is a pretty disturbance at an honest woman's door, at this unseemly hour—not twelve o'clock yet, I declare."

"You were probably awakened out of your sleep somewhat early, *Mademoiselle*," said I with an ironical smile, and casting a scrutinizing glance around the chamber at the same time. "But it appears," I added, looking the young lady full in the face, when my cursory inspection was ended, "that you are married—and therefore ought to call yourself *Madame*—"

"Oh! I beg you not to touch *him*—he is ill—he is dying—and the least exposure—" implored Mademoiselle Lemoine, with a witching smile that, however, failed to captivate my flinty heart.

"I merely wish to look at his face for one moment," said I—and, heedless of the vain appeals and equally vain attempts of the courtesan to prevent me, I dragged the bed-clothes from the individual they concealed, and discovered the magnanimous captain curled up in a fashion that could not but excite my laughter. He did not make use of the slightest efforts to obtain his release, but preserved a dogged silence, while I compelled him to dress himself with all possible despatch, during which ceremony the fair *inamorata* of the noble officer seated herself in a corner and wept.

In a few minutes the captain's toilet was completed, and I requested him to accompany me quietly to the nearest Commissary of Police, assuring him that resistance would be useless, that I would blow his brains out if he attempted any, and that my honour was compromised in the result of my exploit. He did not answer a syllable, but complied with my wishes, and in the course of a couple of hours joined his worthy companions at the Conciergerie. I need scarcely add, that I was more highly delighted at the termination of this adventure in so creditable a way to myself, than I should have been had I delivered up to the hands of justice my three prisoners all at the same time.

A month or six weeks elapsed ere the accused were taken before the Court of Assizes of the Department of the Seine to be tried for the offence with which they had been charged. The cause did not long occupy the jury; they were found guilty—and the president pronounced sentence—which condemned the captain to work ten years

at the galleys, and the count and D'Arly five each—the circumstance of de Bellois having aimed a deadly weapon against my life, and by those means effected his escape, being considered an aggravation of his crime.

A few days after their trial, the three prisoners set out with “a chain of galley-slaves,” as the body of malefactors is called, on the high road to Brest; and at about the same time the disfigured corse



of Emilie D'Arly was seen stretched upon one of the loathsome taddles of the Morgue!

CHAPTER XXV.

MR. WINKLE'S MISTAKE, AND ITS IMMEDIATE CONSEQUENCES.—THE JEALOUS COUSIN, AND THE SOJOURN IN THE CUPBOARD.—EMBARRASSED CIRCUMSTANCES OF MADAME DE L'AMOUR.—CONVERSATION BETWEEN MR. TUPMAN AND MR. WINKLE.—MR. LIPMAN'S SONG.

THE first of April is not less devoted to the community of fools and practical jokers in France than it is in England. Were a register to be kept of all the witty things that are said, and the facetious tricks that are played, upon this day, in the various public offices of the government, or the private ones of attorneys, notaries, stock-brokers, &c., &c., the work would become an authority, and “Joe Miller's Jest Book” be speedily consigned to oblivion. And who in France has not been successfully made a *Poisson d'Avril*? who, to his own inconvenience, has not thereby administered to the inexpressible delight of some pretty *grisette*, some arch wag, or some secret enemy? An invitation to dine at St. Cloud, or Versailles, with a particular friend who happens at the moment to be in America, or on a voyage to China, is the least uncommon of the practical annoyances to which another's wit may subject the unwary one.

Our present business, however, is only connected with the date and not the doings of the first day of the fourth month of the year eighteen hundred and thirty-five; and to that business shall we immediately refer.

It was, then, upon that day, in the reign of the good King Louis-

Philippe, that, about two o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Samuel Weller was busily employed in brushing the last remaining specks of dust or lint from the new coat which Mr. Nathaniel Winkle had that morning endorsed. Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Tupman were absent upon some monetary affairs of their own; and Mr. Winkle, recollecting that he owed Mr. Scuttle's fair niece a call, was determined to seize that opportunity of acquitting himself of the agreeable debt.

"I don't think my boots are so well blacked as usual, Sam," said Mr. Winkle, glancing towards that portion of his dress.

"An' yet the blackin' 's good enough," answered Mr. Weller; "Varren's can't do no more; an' I'm sure I scrubbed away till I thought my arms would ha' fell off."

"They charge two *sous* to Frenchmen and four to the English for blacking your boots in the streets," observed Mr. Winkle; "and that is too much by one half."

"Vell, it is rayther too dear," coincided Mr. Weller; "but, then, think o' the science, as the hair-dresser said ven his customer complained that he charged too much."

"You are right, Sam," exclaimed Mr. Winkle, approvingly. "Have you done?"

"Brown, Sir—vich vos the answer given by the cook to the gen'leman as enquired arter his roast meat," responded Mr. Weller, as he surveyed Mr. Winkle from head to foot with an air of peculiar satisfaction.

Mr. Winkle accordingly settled his hat gracefully on his head, gave his hair a parting twist with his finger and thumb, and sallied forth with a smiling countenance and a new suit of clothes. It is impossible to say what thoughts occupied his mind as he strolled up the Boulevards; suffice it to say, that in the course of a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, he turned into the Rue Taitbout, and in fifty seconds more found himself ascending the staircase that led to the apartments occupied by Mrs. Weston. By some accident, probably caused by that pre-occupation which so often seizes upon great men, Mr. Winkle mounted to the third storey instead of stopping at the second, and commenced a harmonious peal at the front-door bell without perceiving his mistake. A neatly dressed servant girl shortly made her appearance, and induced Mr. Winkle, by means of a word and a winning smile, to walk into the antechamber, while she hastened to inform her mistress of his arrival. With this request, which was proffered in tolerably good English, he immediately complied; and in a few minutes the girl returned to conduct him to the presence of the presiding genius of the place.

Mr. Winkle traversed the dining-room, and fancied that an alteration in the furniture, or the arrangement of it, had taken place, since his last visit. He passed through the drawing-room, and began to suspect that there was some mistake; and when he was shown into a little *boudoir* at the end of the *suite*, all doubt yielded to conviction of error. But he had gone too far to retreat; especially as, reclining upon a sofa near the fire, and dressed in the most bewitching *deshabiller* he had ever beheld, a lovely female form speedily encountered his astonished glance. The countenance, which was not that of Mrs. Weston, was fascinating in the extreme; and the dark eyes, the ver-

million lips, the pearly teeth, and the glossy hair were equally beautiful; add to which a fine and glowing bust, and the reader will agree that these were charms which could not fail to attract the attention of a devoted admirer of the fair sex.

"Madam—I beg pardon—really I am quite confused," began Mr. Winkle; and so indeed he was, if the young lady might judge by the blushes that suffused his cheeks.

"Pray take seat, Sare," said the young lady in broken English, but in a most mellifluous tone of voice; "pray take seat—me glad that one accident procure me pleasure of your visit."

There was no possibility of resisting this invitation; Mr. Winkle accordingly suffered himself to glide into a chair and his tongue into a compliment at the same time.

"The fact is," said Mr. Winkle, "that I intended to call upon a Mrs. Weston, who resides—or used to reside in—this house—"

"Ah!" interrupted the young lady; "one Ingliswoman who live underneath—*au second*—I know her by de sight vary well."

"I am however delighted that an accident should have procured me the pleasure of your acquaintance," continued Mr. Winkle, his imagination for the moment rebelling against the absent Arabella; and he proceeded to relate how he had been about four months and a half in Paris, how he liked the French capital much better than the English one, and how he was living with two friends in the Rue Royale Saint-Honoré.

"And what your name, Sare?" enquired the young lady, who had listened attentively to all that Mr. Winkle had related to her.

"Nathaniel Winkle, at your service," was the courteous reply; "and my friends' names are Mr. Samuel Pickwick and Mr. Tracy Tupman."

"Ah!" exclaimed the young lady with a most bewitching smile—"me hear your names before—you vary great men—Pickwick very *extraordinaire* man, me understand."

"We *have* made some noise in the world," said Mr. Winkle, again modestly blushing up to the eyes; "but without the guidance of our great leader Pickwick, we might all have remained in obscurity up to the present moment."

"You then are happy; you vary—vary happy," exclaimed the young lady with an ill-suppressed sigh. "Ah! me not do otherwise than envy your lot!"

"What! are not you happy also?" cried Mr. Winkle, glancing hastily round the richly-furnished *boudoir*; "it appears that you have every thing to conduce to your comfort—every luxury a moderate mind can wish for."

The young lady gazed on Mr. Winkle for a few moments; and the excellent-hearted Pickwickian was grieved at the melancholy which had suddenly overspread her beautiful countenance.

"Do you believe in love at de first sight?" enquired the young lady in an almost inaudible voice, and after a long pause.

Mr. Winkle knew not how to reply, and in trying to look remarkably wise, fell into the extreme, and looked as remarkably foolish.

"But never mind," continued the young lady, her countenance brightening up as suddenly as it had been cast down; "me not intrude

my griefs upon others—my breast only must contain them. When vary young, me espouse old man—old enough to be my fader; me only sixteen then—and me not love old man whom parents force me to marry. He try and win my love—he not succeed—he drown himself in despair!”

“God bless me!” ejaculated Mr. Winkle, starting on his chair.

“Yes, he drown himself—he tumble from bridge into de Seine,” continued the young lady, relapsing into a sentimental tone and manner, “and leave me at one-and-twenty without protection—a widow, Sare.”

“Distressing!” said Mr. Winkle, wiping away a couple of tears from his eyes.

“Ah! that not all,” resumed the young lady in the same lachrymose style; “me ruined—me lose all—and me dependent on one old cousin who persecute me to give him my hand.”

“Heavens! are the young, and the beautiful, and the unprotected thus to meet with monsters instead of champions in the individuals to whom they fly for refuge?” ejaculated Mr. Winkle, his indignation getting the better of his patience; “are honour and disinterested feelings to be exterminated from the face of the earth?”

It is certain that this pathetic appeal to the azure canopy above produced an immediate and deep effect upon the young lady; for she frantically hid her countenance in her pocket-handkerchief, and the motion of her body indicated the emotion of her mind. It is however awkward that, whether in the extremes of bliss or woe, ladies invariably conceal their features in their hands or kerchiefs, thus leaving a spectator uncertain as to whether suppressed laughter or stifled sobs agitate their frames.

“Kind—generous stranger!” said the young lady, suddenly revealing her countenance once more; “how can me repay you for dis sympathy?”

“First,” returned Mr. Winkle, “may I request to know whom I have the honour to address?”

“Oh! me forget to tell you my name!” exclaimed the young lady; “me called *Madame Augustine de l’Amour*—my husband was one great banker in Paris—but, at his death, de partners cheat me out of every *sou*.”

“And this cousin of your’s, Madame del—del—” enquired Mr. Winkle.

“De l’Amour,” suggested the young lady. “Oh! my cousin—he old, ugly, disagreeable fellow—he pretend love me—me detest him in return.”

“It is very natural so to do,” began Mr. Winkle; “and if I were in your place, Madame de l’Amour—”

Mr. Winkle stopped, for the door of the *boudoir* was thrown hastily open, and the servant girl, with a pale face and bewildered air, rushed into the room.

“What de matter now?” demanded the widow in English, in order that Mr. Winkle might understand all that was going on.

“Your cousin, *Madame*, your cousin!” exclaimed the girl, also speaking English, and for the same behoof.

Madame de l’Amour sank almost insensible upon the sofa—a step was heard in the adjoining room—the case was desperate, so was the

lady's maid—and, before he had time to collect the ideas which the arrival of the jealous cousin had entirely scattered and disseminated on every side, Mr. Winkle was hastily thrust into an adjoining closet, and almost into a foul clothes' bag simultaneously, by the prudent domestic. No sooner was he safely ensconced in his place of concealment, from which he could see into the *boudoir* through a small window covered with a gauze blind, than the cousin walked into the room, and hastened to seat himself by the side of Madame de l'Amour.

But, to the astonishment of Mr. Winkle, the cousin, instead of being old/ugly, and disagreeable, was young, handsome, and apparently very agreeable, if Mr. Winkle might be allowed to judge by the tender smiles and glances with which he was received by the beautiful widow. The conversation that ensued was carried on in French; and thus Mr. Winkle was prevented from ascertaining if Madame de l'Amour expressed in words the disgust she contrived so admirably well to conceal by her behaviour.

A copious *dejeuner à la fourchette* was presently arranged upon the table; and while he did ample justice to the succulent viands, the amorous cousin drank a couple of bottles of Claret, with no other assistance than that of a pint of Madeira to settle them upon his stomach. To be brief, which is more than the visit was—after a stay of two hours, he rose to depart, to the inexpressible delight of Mr. Winkle, whose presence of mind had nearly succumbed to the feelings of unmitigated disgust and the unsavoury odour of the foul clothes that oppressed him.

At length, when the young gentleman was gone, and Mr. Winkle's fright nearly so, the cupboard door was unbolted, and a perfect encyclopædia of apologies expressed the sorrow which filled the bosom of Madame de l'Amour on account of the unpleasant predicament in which her visitor had been detained.

"But my cousin is so vary jealous," said the fair widow, resuming her seat upon the sofa, having thrust Mr. Winkle into his own, "that me not dare offend him—not for all de world."

"I thought you said he was old," observed Mr. Winkle.

"He seem old to me," replied Madame de l'Amour.

"And ugly," continued Mr. Winkle.

"Oh! he detestable!" cried the lady with great emphasis.

"And disagreeable, too?" added Mr. Winkle.

"Me cannot bear him," was the reply; "but me obliged to appear civil and glad when he come—me find it *nécessaire* to play de hypocrite a little."

Mr. Winkle did not attempt to controvert the lady's self-accusation; he however thought her conduct was very prudent and very natural; and, in the universal philanthropy of his heart, he sincerely pitied her forlorn situation. He then proceeded to assure her, that, if it had not been for fear of compromising her own happiness, he most decidedly should have faced out the danger, and even gone to any extremity to which circumstances and the obnoxious cousin might have impelled him. The lady was about to thank her visitor, who suddenly assumed a fierce and warlike aspect, for his kind condescension and Christian forbearance, when the door again opened, and Mr. Winkle gave so sudden a start and uttered so lamentable a

moan, that Madame de l'Amour fancied for a moment he was attacked with apoplexy or some dangerous malady. The entrance of the servant girl to clear away the luncheon, however, apparently relieved Mr. Winkle from that which looked uncommonly like trepidation; and the discourse again turned upon the cousin, the imprisonment of Mr. Winkle in the cupboard, and the private circumstances of the young widow.

"You see," said Madame de l'Amour, "me rather bad situated—me dependent entirely on dat cousin of mine—and he only pay my bills—he give me not one obole of ready money. If me had ready money, me commence law-process against my husband's partners, and me recover my rights."

"And how much should you claim?" enquired Mr. Winkle, thinking at the same time that he had never seen so lovely a person in *deshabiller* before.

"Three millions of francs—dat make—let me see how much?" said the widow, counting with her fingers: "dat make one hundred and twenty tousand pounds sterling."

"What is the amount you require, Madam, to commence the law-suit?" proceeded Mr. Winkle.

"About five tousand francs," was the reply, accompanied by a glance that called a smile to Mr. Winkle's lip, and a blush to Mr. Winkle's cheek.

"Singular," said that gentleman, musing audibly; "this is precisely the sum I have left in my name at Rothschild's. I could very well spare it for a month or so."

"Me not want it for more than one fortnight," suggested Madame de l'Amour.

Mr. Winkle thought that he might as well lay the foundation of a Platonic attachment with a young and beautiful woman, by the advance of a loan which would make her rich and independent for life; and, with that promptitude which so eminently characterized his own actions and those of his illustrious companions in travel, he ventured to observe that he could accommodate Madame de l'Amour with a couple of hundred pounds for a period something less than a month, and that he would procure her the sum on the following morning. At first the offer was declined altogether—then, when Mr. Winkle had relinquished the subject, it was again introduced by the lady herself—and eventually the loan was accepted with a multitude of thanks and a host of blushes. Mr. Winkle then took his leave, having promised to partake of a *dejeuner à la fourchette* alone with Madame de l'Amour at two precisely on the ensuing day, and having been strictly enjoined by that lady not to mention his acquaintance with her to a soul—not even to his friends—for fear it should reach the ears of her jealous cousin.

But as Mr. Winkle walked homewards, he began to reflect that he had done wrong in promising to assist a female who might possibly estrange his heart from the wife of his best and purest affections. Although it has been attempted to prove that the wife is of less value than the husband, inasmuch as it has been stated that the latter is the *sovereign*-lord while the former is but a *crown* of glory, we are of opinion that the female is by far the more valuable of the two; and

we sincerely hope that it was no other idea which impelled Mr. Winkle to act as he did on his return home. Taking advantage of the half-hour before dinner when Mr. Pickwick was washing his hands in his bed-chamber, Mr. Winkle beckoned Mr. Tupman to follow him into his own room; and there, having cautiously closed the door, he thus addressed his friend:—

“My dear Tupman, I have this morning met with a most extraordinary adventure. Accident has made me acquainted with the most beautiful creature in existence.”

“Ah!” said Mr. Tupman, his face expanding like a sun-flower.

“Yes—” continued Mr. Winkle; “and do you know that for a moment—I may say for an hour—my thoughts have rebelled against poor Bella. It is for this that I have addressed myself to you—to make you my confidant—and to put you in the way of serving the loveliest of her sex.”

Mr. Winkle then succinctly related that which the reader is already acquainted with, save and except the imprisonment in the closet, and the visit of the cousin in *propria personâ*. Mr. Tupman was in perfect raptures—he applauded Mr. Winkle’s conduct in high terms—and offered to advance the half of the loan himself.

“This is worthy of you, Tupman!” exclaimed Mr. Winkle, forgetting that his own hand was covered with soap as he grasped that of his friend with unfeigned delight; “this is worthy of the next in renown to our great leader! To you, Tupman, be allotted the glorious task of presenting the proffered loan to an injured—a virtuous—an amiable woman; and may you receive the thanks which she will express, and the satisfactory reward which your own conscience will not fail to make your’s!”

If ever Nathaniel Winkle and Tracy Tupman might have been taken for beings of another world, it was at this moment, had a third person chanced to witness the impressive scene we have but imperfectly described. Tears stood in the eyes of those great men, as they gazed upon each other, and pondered on the charitable action they were about to perform; nor would the illusion have been dissipated by the fact that the face of the former was besmeared with the soap he had as yet forgotten to wipe away from his expressive countenance.

“And is she so very beautiful?” enquired Mr. Tupman, after a long pause.

“Angelic,” was the reply.

“What is she like?” was the next and very natural query.

“A seraph,” was the highly satisfactory answer.

“And her manners?” persisted Mr. Tupman.

“Like a dove’s,” explained Mr. Winkle in an equally lucid manner.

“Has she a good voice?”

“Celestial—heavenly!”

“Her figure?”

“Perfect.”

“Her eyes?”

“Faultless.”

“Her features?”

“Divine.”

“Her age?”

“Oh! I really never thought of her age!”

And it was no matter that Mr. Winkle had not; for his picture was already so well drawn, so clear, and so complete, that if the vision of the fair lady were not present to Mr. Tupman's mind's eye, it was certainly not his friend's fault. It is, however, very satisfactorily ascertained that Mr. Tupman's curiosity was excited to a most painful extent, and that he anxiously awaited the arrival of the happy moment when he might introduce himself and the two hundred pounds to the notice of Madame de l'Amour.

"Dinner's nearly ready, gen'lemen," said Mr. Weller, as he walked gently into the room where Messieurs Tupman and Winkle had held the above discourse; "an' ve mustn't keep the governor a-vaitin'; that'll never do, as the creditor said to the insolvent vich offered a penny in the pound."

"We are quite ready ourselves, Sam," said Mr. Tupman.

"Bin to see a he-lection to-day, Sir," continued Mr. Weller, "an' very fair the principles seems to be. There's no public wotin' as in England; it's all by ballot, as they calls it; consequently there ain't no room for bribery, nor cor-ruption, nor gammon, as von candidit don't know vich vay a constityent's a-goin' for to wote. It appears that von depitty for Paris resigned—and so they vos obleeged to he-lect another; an' a very pretty sight it where too, as the nobleman said ven he see the set-to betwixt the Billin'sgit fish-vimen."

"Was it indeed?" said Mr. Tupman, abstractedly.

"I rayther think so," returned Sam with a knowing shake of the head; "but the more I sees, the more I becomes convicted that the English is a d——d sight too proud to borrow anything vich is good in another country. Vy, Sir, there ain't no chancery-court in France, and no vay of ruinin' poor devils by keepin' off trials from year to year, till patience and pocket is both veared out. Blest if I don't think I'll write a book myself about them matters, ven ve returns to England; I'm sure it 'ud sell as vell as some o'them silly things vich silly vimen go and scribble about nations vith vich they is a little wexed."

"Precisely so," coincided Mr. Winkle; "but you will have some difficulty, Sam, to make the English believe that foreign institutions are better than their own."

"Vell, Sir," responded Mr. Weller, with a most mysterious shake of the head, "I've heerd say that the French army is the best disciplined in the vorld, and they don't flog the sogers in France, Sir. Vot does that 'ere prove? Vy, that some o' our abuses at home vant rectifyin', as the husband said to his vife ven he gived her the black eye.—But I hear the governor a-askin' if the dinner ain't ready—so look alive, gen'lemen."

The dinner was duly served up to the three gentlemen, and as speedily served round to each, a never-failing appetite and Mr. Weller being in attendance. But scarcely was the soup removed from the table, and its place supplied by a fine piece of Rouen salmon—scarcely had the last drop of a glass of Burgundy's choicest nectar trembled upon the lip of Mr. Pickwick—and scarcely had Mr. Tupman poured *ditto* into his glass, and *ditto* repeated down his throat, when a tremendous peal at the front door bell announced the arrival of some impatient guest. Mr. Winkle started and turned deadly pale—Mr.

Tupman played with his watch-chain—and Mr. Pickwick with his knife and fork; but the suspense of the three was not of long duration; and their doubts were speedily removed by the appearance of two individuals in whom it was not difficult to recognise Mr. Lipman and Mr. Jopling, although the former had eschewed for the moment his large wooden pipe, and the latter had declined farther partnership with his old and staunch friend, the faded silk dressing-gown.

“How are you, my boys?” exclaimed Mr. Lipman, shaking hands with the Pickwickians one after another; “pretty tidy, eh?”

“Doesn’t Pickwick look lusty, though?” cried Mr. Jopling, appealing to his friend, and indicating the great man by a facetious poke in the ribs. “But don’t let us disturb you at dinner,” considerably added the late inmate of Ste. Pelagie.

“Thank you,” said Mr. Pickwick, resuming his seat; “we shan’t stand upon any ceremony with you. But perhaps you would join us?”

Perhaps they would, indeed; especially as, having vainly sought a dinner elsewhere, these two highly respectable but lately persecuted gentlemen had sought Mr. Pickwick’s abode with the firm intention of satisfying the cravings of nature in this respect. They accordingly seated themselves at the table; and while, with becoming decorum, they averred that they had already dined, and would only just “pick a bit” for the sake of society and doing as the others did, they speedily caused the Rouen salmon to disappear from the dish, even to the very tail which Mr. Pickwick had intended to have pickled for next day’s luncheon.

“Well, I don’t think we’ve done badly with that, Jopling,” observed Mr. Lipman, pushing away his plate; “do you?”

Mr. Jopling declared that he did not, and Mr. Pickwick was of the same opinion, as, indeed, were also Mr. Tupman and Mr. Winkle; and this unanimity of sentiment may be considered as singularly corroborative of the truth of Mr. Lipman’s assertion.

The remaining portion of the dinner was produced and done justice to in the same manner; and with the dessert came punch and cigars, the discussion of which put Mr. Lipman into so exquisite a humour, that he insisted upon singing a very genteel song which he had learnt from a house-breaker with whom he had once been incarcerated in a watch-house in London. So, without waiting for assent or dissent, he forthwith began the following pathetic air for the benefit and instruction of the astonished Mr. Pickwick and that gentleman’s friends.

THE HOUSE-BREAKER’S SONG.

I ne’er was a nose, (1) for the reglars (2) came
Whenever a pannie (3) was done:—
Oh! who would chirp (4) to dishonour his name,
And betray his pals (5) in a nibsome (6) game
To the traps? (7)—Not I for one!

(1) One who betrays his companions.

(2) Share of the plunder.

(3) Burglary.

(4) Inform.

(5) Companions.

(6) Gentlemanly.

(7) Police officers.

Let nobs in the fur-trade (8) hold their jaw,
 And let the jug (9) be free ;—
 Let Davy's-dust (10) and a well-fak'd claw (11)
 For fancy coves be the only law,
 And a double-tongued squib (12) to keep in awe
 The chaps that flout at me !

From morn to night we'll booze a ken, (13)
 And we'll pass the bingo (14) round ;
 At dusk we'll make our lucky, (15) and then,
 With our nags so flash, and our merry-men,
 We'll scour the lonely ground.
 And if the swells resist our "Stand !"
 We'll squib (16) without a joke ;
 For I'm snigger'd if we will be trepann'd
 By the blarneying jaw of a knowing hand,
 And thus be lagg'd (17) to a foreign land,
 Or die by an artichoke. (18)

But should the traps be on the sly,
 For a change we'll have a crack ; (19)
 The richest cribs (20) shall our wants supply—
 Or we'll knap (21) a fogle (22) with fingers fly, (23)
 When the swell one turns his back.
 The flimsies we can smash (24) as well,
 Or a ticker (25) deftly prig ;—
 But if ever a pal in limbo fell,
 He'd sooner be scragg'd (26) at once than tell ;
 Though the hum-box patterer (27) talk'd of hell,
 And the beak (28) wore his nuttiest (29) wig !

When Mr. Lipman had brought this truly erudite specimen of the beauties of his mother tongue to a conclusion, Mr. Jopling was most vehement in his plaudits, Mr. Pickwick most soundly asleep, and Messieurs Tupman and Winkle in a most interesting state of uncertainty as to whether the words they had just heard were Hebrew or Chinese. They accordingly joined Mr. Jopling in his occupation of striking the table with his clenched fist ; and, during the remainder of the evening, the whole party preserved so excellent an understanding with each other, that when Messieurs Lipman and Jopling rose to depart, they kindly expressed their intention of visiting their courteous hosts again as speedily as possible.

(To be continued in our next.)

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|--|---------------------------|
| (8) Old Bailey pleaders. | (19) A Burglary. |
| (9) Prison. | (20) Houses. |
| (10) Gunpowder. | (21) Steal. |
| (11) An experienced hand at stealing. | (22) Handkerchief. |
| (12) Double-barrelled gun. | (23) Skilful. |
| (13) Drink freely. | (24) Pass false notes. |
| (14) Brandy. | (25) Watch. |
| (15) Depart. | (26) Hanged. |
| (16) Fire. | (27) Parson. |
| (17) Transported. | (28) Magistrate or judge. |
| (18) A hearty choke ; i. e. <i>hanging</i> . | (29) Handsomest. |

No. III. SCRAPS FROM THE HOMERIC FEAST.¹

By E. H. BARKER, Esq.

(Continued from page 56.)

V. PLANETARY GODS on Coins, Goblets, Inkstands, Rings, etc.—We are tempted to discuss the question respecting the *Planetary Coins of certain Roman families*, which has extracted and exhausted the learning and ingenuity of Zosimus, Patin, Vaillant, Beger, and particularly Spanheim; they argue that they were struck in honour of the *Ludi Apollinares*, or the *Ludi Sæculares*, because a radiated Apollo is on the obverse, and on the reverse the Moon with five, six, and sometimes seven stars. Spanheim, after having, in his way, dissipated the confusion and darkness in which the subject of the *Ludi Apollinares* is involved, *de Præst. Num.* 2, 121. rests on the authority of Horace, and contends that those Coins were struck in honour of the Sun and Moon, to whom, as we know, the *Ludi Sæculares* were consecrated by those presidents whose names are on the reverse. But his whole reasoning turns on this point, that Apollo is there exhibited under the form of the Sun, and Diana under the form of the Moon; he is content with producing these verses of Horace, "*Dianam lucidum cæli decus,—siderum regina bicornis,—Luna, puellas,*" and the epithets of Greek poets, ἀσράρχη, ἀστροχίτων, εὐάστρος: he is indifferent to the stars. But what prevents us from considering those Coins as struck to propitiate the favour of the *Planetary Gods*? We know the attention which the Romans paid to astrology, and what severe laws of expulsion from Rome were enacted and enforced against its professors, the *Mathematici*;^{*} and we know too that the seven *Planetary stars* were in the Circus, Salmas. in *Solin.* 647. We know also what faith was reposed in the *Planets*, and what consideration was given to them by Paracelsus, who to these stars referred the pulsations of the arteries in seven principal parts of the body; see Daniel Le Clerc, *p.* 811, who discerns the same *Planetary* influence in certain members and viscera, *p.* 806. Moreover, we need not doubt that only the seven *sidereal Gods* are represented on these Coins; for, if you see seven stars attached to any one with the Sun and Moon, the engraver, to preserve the whole septenary number,

* From the Greek cities alone the *Astrologi* were fetched to Rome by the Emperors; their names exhibit their Greek origin. We are informed that Tiberius made a voyage to Rhodes, and passed his leisure with Thrasyllus, a master of the art, whom he on that account took with him to Rome, and desired to rank among his intimate friends, Tacitus *Ann.* 6, 20-1. See what is said about this Thrasyllus and his art by Reimar *ad Dion. Cass.* 783. 861. And whatever *Harioli, Chaldæi, Mathematici, Astrologi, Γόητες*, etc. are mentioned by Suetonius, Tacitus, Dio, and the other writers of *Augustan History*, you will find to be all native Greeks, see *L.* 3. *Cod. de Malef. et Mathem.* and *Cod. Theodos. eod. tit.*, and what Gothofredus says about these laws, and if you have leisure and patience, read Salmas. *de Annis Climactericis.*

repeats the two principal *Planets* in their proper figure, and has therefore never represented *eight* or *nine*, or less than *five*; nay, Spanheim in *Coins* of *seven* stars declares them to be the *Triones*; where *six* or *five* shine, he can discern nothing.

It is well known that *Apollo laureated*, not *radiated*, presided over the *Ludi Sæculares*, and that the *Prætor* and the people sat at their representation crowned with *laurel*: hence it is certain that those *Astriferous Coins* had other objects in view. We add that *Coins* exist, in which *Apollo* is seen, either as *celes*, as in those of the *Gens Calpurnia* and *Licinia*, or in *bigis*, as in those of the *Gens Furia* and *Junia*, or in *quadrigis*, as in the *Gens Valeria*, which you can easily refer to Games of this kind, and not see in them either the *Moon* or the *stars*; and we are grieved that Spanheim, in his blind zeal to refer every thing to the *Ludi Sæculares*, also refers to them a *Coin* of *Fulvius Ursinus*, in which we have a *laureated Apollo*, *Diana*, and *Ceres* with a *double Torch*, and which *Ursinus* himself, perhaps with more propriety, assigns to the *Ludi Cereales*; we need not wonder that great men pull in opposite directions as often as they proceed at starting on false assumptions. We must conclude, then, that the *Astriferous denarii* of certain Roman families refer to the *Planets*, representing the two principal, the *Sun* and the *Moon*, of a large size and comely appearance, and the rest under the small symbols of *stars*, so that we all know that the ancients attributed too much virtue and power to the *stars*, and affixed them in silver to *Inkstands* and other articles, as well as carving them on *Coins*. *Beger Thes. Brandeb. Contin.* waxes warm, and says, "What have *stars* to do with the *Ludi Sæculares*?" He does not, however, solve the question, but chastises *Patin*, who first appealed to these Games, and on whose authority *Spanheim* rests. We read that all nations formerly placed such confidence in the *stars*, that they represented the *Zodiac* itself on *Coins*, as in the *Coin* of *Valerian*, which *Spanheim* himself, 2,690. produces, and on the reverse of which in the inner margin we see the *twelve Signs*, and in the centre the head of a youth with beautiful hair, whom *Spanheim* erroneously supposes to be *Mercury* without his *petasus*, or winged cap; but what has *Mercury* to do with the *Zodiac*? Assuredly it is the *Sun*, who is every where among Latin writers called *Crinitus*, and among Greek, ἀβροχάιτης, ἀκερσεκόμης, εὐχάιτης, χαιτήεις, χρυσοκόμης, χρυσοχάιτης, *Il. V. 39. Hom. Hymn. 134. Pind. Ol. 5. Pyth. 2. Anthol.*; no one has more elegantly described the hair than *Callimachus H. in A. 39.* whose lines *Tibullus 3, 4, 27.* seems to have compressed into the following:

"Intonsi crines longa cervice fluebant,
Stillabat Tyrio myrrhea rore coma."

The hairs are, you know, the *rays*.

In 1745 was published at Gottingen, in Latin, a learned and elaborate *Dissertation* of *Christianus Stussius Ilfeldensis*, "*About the supposed Marks of Secular Games on the Coins of Roman Families.*" He has powerfully combated what learned men have written about these Games, and has communicated much new information on the subject; he has, in a most courteous manner, and with strong arguments, expatiated largely against the hypothesis of *Patin*, *Spanheim*, and the others who have laboured to prove that these *Coins* refer to the *Ludi*

Sæculares, showing that the Romans had no thought about them in respect to these *Coins*; and yet he at length candidly confesses his inability to explain the meaning of these images on the *Coins*.

If space were allowed, we might show the notions of the ancients about *planetary* influences, and appeal to the Hebrews and the Christians. Among the Jews we read of a noble *candelabrum with seven lights*, representing the *Planets*, Josephus *A. J.* 3, 6. p. 137. *Haverc.*, and Philo 2, 150. *Mang.* 1742. but it is a Rabbinical fiction of later times; for in the Sacred Writings we perceive the names of the *Sun* and *Moon* only, but nothing about the other *five*. We know that the Christians in their lamps had representations of the *Planets with the good Shepherd*, and several sacred symbols, Naumach. *Antiq. Christ.* 3, 78. The Gentiles paid such worship to the *seven Planets*, and wrote so many volumes, in Greek and Latin, about their influence and efficacy, that we should fill all the pages of a *Magazine* in giving the names and titles: see Fabricius's *Bibliothecæ*, and the excellent volumes of Passerius "*about Astriferous Gems*," *Præf. N.* 6. who has neglected to notice the beautiful *Gem*, which is cited by L. Augustinus 2, 33. and Vandale *de Rit. Taurob.* p. 19. where, besides Mithras, all the *seven Planets* are seen as simple stars, repeated with their symbols, some repeated for the third time, so that no ancient monument is richer in respect to the *Planets*.

From the Scholiast of Apoll. Rh. 4, 262. we learn that the *seven Planets* were the *satellites* and *lictors* of the *twelve Zodiacal Gods*, that they were therefore properly armed with a *rod*, and called *ῥαβδοφόροι*, Καὶ τὰ μὲν δώδεκα Ζώδια Θεοὺς βουλαίους προσηγόρευσαν· τοῦσδε πλανήτας ῥαβδοφόρους. This is attested in the *Epinomis*, which is falsely attributed to Plato. Accordingly we find that the figures representing the *Planets* on the *Inkstand*, which was found at Terlizzo or Turrizzo, of which the possessor was an astronomer in the time of Trajan, and which is preserved in the King's *Museum* at Naples, have sceptres. We are surprised that Peter Faber, who has collected so much information about the *ῥαβδοῦχοι* of every kind, *Agon.* 1, 20. has neglected to notice the *ῥαβδοῦχοι planetæ*.

Philostratus *V. A.* 3, 41. informs us that Apollonius Tyanensis, the prince of *Astrologers* or *Magicians*, received as a present from Iarchas *seven rings*, distinguished by the names of the *seven Planets*, which Apollonius wore, the proper one for the corresponding day of the week: Φησὶ δὲ ὁ Δάμις καὶ δακτυλίους ἑπτὰ τὸν Ἰαρχαν τῷ Ἀπολλωνίῳ δοῦναι τῶν ἑπτὰ ἐπωνύμους ἀστέρων, οὓς φορεῖν τὸν Ἀπολλώνιον κατὰ ἓνα πρὸς τὰ ὀνόματα τῶν ἡμερῶν. You see that nothing was more acceptable to Astrologers, and men of that kind, than vessels and instruments ornamented with *Planetary* figures, by which they might impose on the more simple the belief that each of those Gods in his turn ruled the destinies, and guided the events of the day. It is no wonder, then, if even to *Inkstands* these *seven stars* were affixed in silver, that by means of this more precious metal greater and more imposing might be the pretensions of their art; and we think that in committing to paper their deceptive nonsense they placed opposite to them that *Ink-God*, who enjoyed the dominion of the day, as Apollonius permuted the *Planetary* rings. We may remark that this is one of the few in-

stances, in which the learning and diligence of Kirchmann *de Annulis* are at fault; for the passage in Philostratus has escaped his notice. "Non omnia legimus omnes, nedum meminimus," Dorville ad *Charit.* 421. We need not doubt that Apollonius Tyanensis paid considerable attention to this sort of astronomy, because Philostratus informs us in the same place that he wrote *four Books on Astrological Divination*, Καὶ ξυγγράψαι μὲν ἐκεῖθεν περὶ Μαντείας Ἀστέρων Βιβλούς τέτταρας, ὧν Μοιραγένης ἐπεμνήσθη. We must condemn the interpretation of Olearius, who supposes the names to have been *Talismanic* writings to avert evil, or propitiate good; for in the age of Apollonius the use of *Talismans* did not yet prevail, see Passerius *de Gemmis Astriferis*, who has poured forth an abundant flood of novel information, and whom we have read with equal pleasure and profit.

Whoever attentively considers the words of Philostratus, will easily perceive that, as Iarchas was a principal Brachman, Philostratus is speaking of the Brachmans and the Gymnosophists of India, who either invented that custom of naming the hebdomadal days from the *planets*, or took it from other nations, though not from the Greeks or Romans, who only dedicated the days to the *seven stars*; and this is confirmed from this circumstance, that Iarchas, a chief of the Brachmans, gave those rings to Apollonius, and that the latter used them according to the Indian custom; we, on the contrary, firmly deny this one thing, that the Greeks and Latins ever called the days by the names of the *seven stars*, or that a single example can be produced from them, while we of our own accord allow that it was done by the Brachmans and the Magi, as is clear from Philostratus, and it appears that Apollonius affected all extravagant religions, and dwelt long among the Indians, that he might learn the arts of incantation, (see Tillemont in his *Life* T. 2. P. 1.), and do not suppose that we are unable to confirm our remark by stronger proof, for an ancient *Oracle* is given by Eusebius *Pr. E.* 5, 14. (*Orac. Vett. c.* 8.) which he had copied from Porphyry, and in which we are clearly told that the Magi, or barbarous priests, named the days from the *Planets*,—

Κληῖζεν Ἑρμῆν, ἡδ' Ἡέλιον κατὰ ταῦτ' α
 Ἡμέρῃ Ἡελίου, Μήνην δ', ὅτε τῆσδε παρείη
 Ἡμέρῃ, ἡδὲ Κρόνον, ἡδ' ἐξείης Ἀφροδίτην,
 Κλήσειν ἀφθέγκτοις, ἃς εὖρε Μάγων ὕχ' ἄριστος,
 Τῆς ἐπταφθόγγου βασιλεὺς, ὃν πάντες ἴσασιν.

(To be continued.)

THE FRANC-ARCHER,

A HISTORICAL TALE.

BY HAL WILLIS, STUDENT AT LAW.

YOUNG JARNAC was the very hero of the village of —, in the duchy of Orleans. He was the first swordsman, the best archer, and the swiftest of foot, not only in his native place, but, perhaps, in all France. Yet Jarnac was neither vain nor proud of the natural and acquired excellencies wherewith he was endowed, and which every body around him flatteringly deemed to be of a very superior order. It was no marvel, then, that he should be unanimously elected to the honour of representing his native place in the king's service, when, according to an ordinance of Charles VII., every village was bound to select and send forth its most expert archer, to serve in the king's wars. This was a post of no little honour to a peasant, as well as of consequence in a pecuniary point of view; for he was not only paid when in the field, but exempted from the payment of taxes during peace.

The men composing this chosen band were termed Franc-archers, and formed a most brave and serviceable body, being much and deservedly esteemed by the king for their skill and intrepidity.

Jarnac was no less fortunate in winning the friendship of his comrades in the regiment to which he was attached; and he speedily proved himself inferior to none, and superior to many. But change of scene and life had in no degree alloyed that genuine good humour which was so natural to him; and if he *did* often carry off the trifling prizes so frequently contested, it was always done in that agreeable and unassuming manner that was sure to call forth a congratulatory shout from the defeated competitors.

That "winning way," which all declared Jarnac possessed in so enviable a degree, in one respect, was carried far beyond the mark; and that little god, who, in feats of archery, excelled even the gifted Jarnac, speedily aided and assisted the handsome young peasant in an assault upon the tender heart of the pretty Marguérite. Marguérite's virtue and beauty were her only dowry; but they were indeed a rich and inestimable one; and never till now did Jarnac esteem himself so perfectly happy. He went through his duties with more alacrity than ever, and appeared, by his elastic steps and gladsome countenance, to breathe the pure atmosphere of a superior world.

It was proposed that the nuptials of the young lovers should take place immediately after the return of Jarnac from the campaign which was then in agitation. Nor did the hours pass languidly or cheerlessly by to the lovers; for Jarnac's regiment being quartered in Marguérite's village, there was a continual series of gaiety and mirth.

The peasant, in common with his free-hearted comrades, was, however, soon doomed to experience the sad but invariable mutability of all sublunary felicity; for their favourite leader, who had participated in all their harmless disport and merriment, was suddenly recalled and nominated to a higher post; and Lautrec d'Albret, a creature of the Duke d'Alençon, one of the princes of the blood, was promoted to the command. Any change in this respect could not be for the better, even should the new commander prove as amiable as their late one; but this was deemed impossible.

Although in the spring-time of life, when the good qualities of the heart are most fully displayed, and possessed of all those personal qualifications which tend in a great measure to make a favourable impression, d'Albret's manners were so cold, haughty, and distant, that they chilled at once the warm current of those flattering demonstrations with which the whole regiment received and recognised him. It seemed to be a great stretch of condescension in him even to return the customary salute. Not only a strict but a severe disciplinarian, he exacted from the regiment the most arduous and continual exercise of their evolutions, scarcely alleviated by the short time he allowed for natural repose; and he imposed the severest tasks upon those who were unfortunate enough to betray the least inability or unwillingness to perform his harsh behests. His chilling presence rendered the gay village melancholy and cheerless: mirth and good humour, with all their wreathing smiles, withered at his approach; and the whole regiment longed for the dangers of a speedy war to dissipate their present gloom and oppression.

Jarnac found but few brief moments to devote to the society of Marguélite; but the sweet girl, although she mourned in secret, only met his murmurs with her smiles, and prattled so endearingly of their pleasant prospects at the expiration of his probably short servitude, that Jarnac was completely lured from dwelling upon his own impatient thoughts, and his natural good humour always proved triumphant over the bitterness of his reflections.

Amongst the train which accompanied their unamiable leader from the capital were twenty *brigands*, the appellation then commonly attached to those men who followed the cavalry in the field, and committed great destruction among the enemy, indiscriminately slaying man and horse in the *mêlée* with their long poignards. Jean D'Ourlais, a furious braggadocio of this band of licensed assassins, entertained a cordial hatred for Jarnac. This originated in sheer envy at his superior skill in the sword exercise, in the handling of which he was considered paramount. D'Ourlais had "silenced," as he said, every man in his own band, and was determined to let no one with whom he came in contact entertain the arrogant idea that he was even his equal. He allowed no refusal, unless attended by an avowal of inferiority or ignorance of the weapon. Jarnac was so mild and good-humoured a youth, and exhibited in his ordinary demeanour so little consciousness of his superiority in military acquirements, that he would probably have escaped the observation of D'Ourlais, or been deemed an object evidently too unworthy his

attention, had not an accident brought him unwillingly in contact with the brigand.

Etienne, one of the Franc-archers, who was the bosom friend and confidant of Jarnac, being one day incensed at the taunting language of D'Ourlais, was goaded on to accept his challenge to a "trial;" nor could the friendly interposition of Jarnac, or all his arguments, prevent the angry and exasperated Etienne from giving him the meeting. Failing, however, in his arguments to dissuade, he was too sincere a friend not to attend Etienne upon the occasion. A large meadow was the chosen arena of their military sports and exercise; and here, at the hour appointed for the trial, were assembled the *brigands*, eager for the exhibition, and feeling no apprehension of the issue. The Franc-archers were all there; and many who had paid the forfeit of their temerity heartily commiserated their comrade. There was much discussion upon the probable termination of the affair, for there were not wanting those among the archers who, measuring Etienne's superiority by their unskilfulness, deemed him a perfect master of fence.

All conversation dropped, every whisper was hushed; but upon the appearance of D'Ourlais, who, with great pomposity, marched into the midst of the assembly, and with contemptuous air deigned to regard the archers, a shout of laughter burst forth in a most discordant and disrespectful union. A flash of anger crimsoned his scowling brow, and, turning towards the archers, he exclaimed, tauntingly, "And pray where is this same Franc-archer? he is slow to come. By the beard of my father! methinks ye are all more inclined to sing than to fight!" A cry of "Etienne! Etienne!" was the only reply to this discourteous tirade; and the Franc-Archers opened to make a passage for Etienne and his friend Jarnac. A large ring was immediately formed by the spectators, in the midst whereof stood D'Ourlais and his antagonist. Gaberdine and cap were thrown aside, and one of the *brigands* stepping forward, presented a sword to each of the combatants. D'Ourlais took his ground, but appeared somewhat angered and surprised when he saw Jarnac take the sword from Etienne's hand and scrutinize it.

"This will not do," said Jarnac; "the blade is loose in the hilt—and will shiver at the first guard."

"*Parbleu!*" exclaimed D'Ourlais, striding towards Jarnac, and casting upon him a fierce and menacing look that would have made a less courageous heart quail beneath its influence, "Would'st thou hint that this is done intentionally—or by me?"

Regarding the blustering brigand with a cool surprise and a firmness of manner that astonished those who beheld him, Jarnac replied, "I should be sorry, Sir Brigand, to suspect my worst enemy of such base and cowardly treachery;" then turning unconcernedly round, "Bring me another sword," said he, "this is unfit for service:" at the same time he snapped it off short to the hilt, and threw away the fragments, while D'Ourlais bit his lip with vexation.

Another weapon was now offered, and approved by Jarnac, and the trial commenced. Etienne played admirably, and was loudly cheered by the archers at every successful stroke. Still the superi-

ority of D'Ourlais was too evident even for prejudice to deny; notwithstanding which, the little praise won by Etienne for his skill was far from agreeable to his jealous and domineering spirit; and he pressed more eagerly at every shout upon his adversary. He bore down, however, so irresistibly upon him, that Etienne was compelled to yield before his vigorous assault—which on the part of D'Ourlais appeared really to be too much in earnest; and Etienne, missing his footing in his retreat, stumbled; but D'Ourlais, in lieu of dropping his point, struck him as he fell, and inflicted a fearful gash upon the temple.

In a moment Jarnac was beside his wounded friend, and raised him in his arms. "By Heaven!" exclaimed he, bitterly, "this is a cruel slash! Do ye call this play? I appeal to ye, Franc-archers—aye, and to ye too, brigands—call ye this play?"

This passionate appeal to both parties—this genuine expression of Jarnac's feelings—was received in silence. The brigands were quite confident in the bravery of their hero, while the Franc-archers appeared to await the reply of D'Ourlais as the signal for their conduct. Meanwhile some of them ran to assist Jarnac in binding up the wound of Etienne, who was no less a favourite with the whole regiment than with his friend and comrade.

D'Ourlais, full of bitterness and rage, stood frowning on, while these operations were going forward; and when his wounded antagonist was led away, he exclaimed in a taunting tone, "This cock crows bravely, by my soul! but by St. Denis! I'll cut his comb, and make him cry craven yet!" "Prythee, boy, who art thou that darest gainsay the truth and courage of D'Ourlais?"

With an undaunted look Jarnac met the savage gaze of the brigand, and replied with a warmth almost amounting to fierceness, "One who hates the coward that will avail himself of superior strength to take an unfair advantage of his weaker opponent. Nay, knit thy brow and fluster as thou wilt, brigand; my heart is made of sterner stuff than to quail before thy fiercest look, I trow. I have slain both boar and bear, and though thou art as ill-bred as the one and as savage as the other, I hold thee as equal to neither in true courage. Cruelty and cowardice ever go hand in hand, and, big as thou look'st, I regard thee as the least of all I look upon."

"Slife! but thou shalt answer this with thy blood!" exclaimed D'Ourlais. "Draw if thou darest, or I will pin thee to the sword."

"Tut, boaster," exclaimed Jarnac, with aggravating coolness. "The boar does not attack the hunter, but the hunter the boar. I am not less in haste than thou; thou shalt not find me tardy in paying the reckoning I owe thee for thy false playing—and if my sword only back my intentions, I will score another on thy unwieldy carcase!"

Jarnac stood upon his guard, and received the hot and vigorous assault of the incensed D'Ourlais. But the brigand soon found that he had in this instance mistaken his man, and that in lieu of sacrificing him on the spot, it was necessary to act cautiously for his own peculiar safety. The skilful Jarnac, however, wounded him so severely in the right thigh that he was fain to retreat a pace or

two, uttering the most horrible imprecations on the head of his opponent.

"Waste not thy strength in idle words," said Jarnac; "thy tongue is not more terrible to me than thy weapon, for I scorn one and fear not the other."

Again their blades clashed furiously together without any advantage to either party; the blood still flowing copiously from D'Ourlais' wound, and his dark countenance growing more horribly pale every moment. "Etienne, I have avenged thee!" cried Jarnac: "and now one more stroke as a schooling for thy impudent vanity, and then I leave the bear to lick his wounds and growl as he lists."

D'Ourlais gnashed his teeth and glared wildly upon his antagonist. His wound had checked his impetuosity; and his courage was evidently waning with his strength. Jarnac's blade struck down the brigand's enfeebled guard and wounded him slightly across the left shoulder. The smart made D'Ourlais yell again, and he fell senseless in the outstretched arms of his comrades.

"Spare him!" exclaimed the brigands, for the sword of Jarnac was raised at the instant he fell.

The generous youth dropped the point, and smiling at their unjust fears—"The sword of Jarnac will never tarnish its brightness with the blood of a fallen foe!" said he: "I have avenged my friend, and answered his defiance. Here ends the broil, which, Heaven knows! was none of my seeking. We are now, I hope, all friends again and brothers!"

The brigands now for the first time joined in the acclamations of the Franc-Archers, even the fall of their hero could not damp the ardour of the admiration which the gallant spirit of Jarnac called forth from all.

The disastrous defeat of his favourite soon reached the ear of the *capitaine*, who immediately ordered Jarnac under arrest. The perilous situation in which he stood, alarmed all his friends; but Jarnac, who was indeed become a hero in the eyes of those who estimated him so highly for his good humour and friendly offices, still preserved his wonted equanimity, and related the whole occurrence with so much simplicity and truth, corroborated, not only by the Franc-Archers, but even the brigands themselves, that it would have been impossible for unbiassed justice to hesitate a moment in the decision of his innocence. He was, however, commanded for the present to be held under arrest.

Jarnac's spirit waxed rebellious at this cruel and unjust decision, and with the bold front of truth and honesty he prepared to dare the anger of his commander by disputing his authority to put restraint upon him under the circumstances; when his friends, fearing for his safety, hurried him away. His look, however, caught the eye of D'Albret, whose countenance was instantly flushed from a consciousness that he was doing wrong; but this feeling was evanescent, and succeeded by a rooted dislike, such as every oppressor experiences towards those who are hardy enough to oppose their will in word or deed. The whole regiment nevertheless secretly harboured the same opinion which Jarnac would have expressed; it came home to

the bosoms of all—for they knew they were equally liable to the same lawless caprice.

Several days elapsed before the crest-fallen D'Ourlais was able to appear, and it was not till he had completely recovered from his wounds that Jarnac was restored to liberty. Marguérite, in the meantime, lost all her bloom and sprightliness in the sorrow which overwhelmed her affectionate heart at the incarceration of her lover; at the same time, however, she derived some little consolation from the reflection that the cause of his temporary banishment from her presence was a good and a proud one, and she possessed too much sympathy in Jarnac's courageous and liberal feelings to wish for a moment that that cause had never existed, notwithstanding the bitter effects it unhappily produced. Etienne, too, seized every opportunity offered by a relaxation of his duty to repair to her father's cottage, and invariably brought a message from Jarnac. And when at last the lover came himself—oh! that happy moment!—all the sweet things that she had *thought* of him were unspoken—the bliss of that meeting would not admit of language. Marguérite laid her head upon his shoulder, and wept for very joy.

But although released from his confinement, D'Albret lost no opportunity of oppressing Jarnac; his discipline became more strict and intolerable than before—not only towards him and the rest of the Franc-Archers, but the brigands too, who, since the defeat of their hero, had ceased to pay that deference and respect to him which he had before compelled, and only retained by fear. The ascendancy, however, which D'Ourlais appeared to have gained over the mind of the *capitaine*, made him ample amends, and indeed gave him a fair opportunity of avenging the slight they put upon him; for to his kind offices was mainly attributed the tyranny under which they groaned.

With indignation the injured Jarnac learned that, during his absence, two of the Franc-Archers had suffered death for some trifling offence. "The accursed tyrant!" exclaimed he, with an emphasis expressive of deep indignation.

"Peace! peace! Jarnac!" exclaimed twenty warning voices from among his auditors.

"My dear comrades," said Jarnac, "I appeal to ye all, if I have not ever been most dutiful and humble to my superiors, ready to obey every reasonable command?"

"Aye! aye!" resounded from fifty according tongues.

"And so will I ever be," continued he; "I am unchanged; but I will let no man, how great soever he be, set his foot upon my neck!"

The name of D'Ourlais passed in a whisper from man to man, and the next moment the brigand appeared among them, with an order from his honoured capitaine to muster the whole company on the general parade. They all gazed in astonishment upon each other, for scarcely an hour had elapsed since they had dispersed after a morning's toilsome discipline under the enervating influence of a July sun. Jarnac was silent. He was the first armed and prepared; and neither by look nor word did he manifest the least sign of discontent.

Being all drawn out, D'Albert rode up and down the ranks, his creature, D'Ourlais, holding by the saddle-bow, and running by his side during the whole review. At length marking Jarnac, the *capitaine* bade him step forth. The Franc-Archer advanced with a firm step, while every heart beat tumultuously; for all loved the youth, and dreaded lest his bold bearing should have brought their champion into jeopardy. What was their surprise when D'Albert, with a graciousness in his manner, which was indeed most rare, addressed their companion in these words:—

“Our royal master, having received intimation that there are hasty preparations making for storming and fortifying the fortress of Rochelin, has commanded me to despatch a company of twelve men, under the command of an intelligent leader, to *reconnoitre* the place and learn the truth of the unwelcome rumour. Knowing thy daring, whereof” (glancing at D'Ourlais), “we have good proof in our keeping, we have elected thee to this honourable post, leaving to thy own choice thy companions in the exploit.”

Etienne was of course the first to step forward and claim his right of following his friend; but Jarnac, drawing him on one side, said to him,—“Glad, Etienne, should I be of having such friend as thou art at my side; but I have a treasure here, Etienne, that I would fain commit to thy custody.”

“Ha! Marguérite!” said Etienne.

“Yes, my own dear Marguerite,” said Jarnac tenderly; then, again momentarily contracting his brow, he continued: “While wolves are prowling in the neighbourhood the dog must watch his fold unweariedly.”

“Enough,” replied Etienne, “I will remain.”

This point being satisfactorily arranged, Jarnac and his chosen band departed. Two days were named as the probable termination of the expedition, and Marguérite retired to her chamber to count the tardy minutes that must elapse ere the return of her lover.

The apprehensions of the injured Jarnac appeared about to be unhappily realized. On the evening of the day that witnessed his departure, the malignant D'Ourlais proceeded to execute a most cruel and terrible vengeance upon his noble vanquisher. Plausible as were his amicable professions since the memorable combat, the brigand felt too deeply the wound which Jarnac had inflicted ever to forgive the author of his lasting disgrace. Fear withheld him from any attempt upon the Franc-Archer; but he soon discovered the secret of his affection for the fair *paysanne*, and to that quarter the cowardly brigand unfeelingly directed his attack.

It required no great powers of discrimination to discover that Lautrec d'Albret was a libertine; and D'Ourlais soon perceived that Marguérite possessed loveliness enough to fascinate any man—even though he had been dazzled by the glare of courtly beauty—and failed not to describe her charms to Lautrec. The *capitaine* took an early opportunity of judging for himself, and pronounced his acquiescence in the brigand's opinion. D'Ourlais was too delighted to lack invention at such a favourable crisis, when every thing bade fair for a full harvest of revenge. He accordingly projected the

journey to the fortress of Rochelin; which was instantly carried into effect.

The shades of evening had just closed around the peaceful hamlet when D'Ourlais approached the cottage of Marguerite. His daring hand raised the latch, and like a midnight ruffian he entered the peaceful and unprotected dwelling. Presently he re-appeared, stealing silently forth, bearing a muffled burden in his arms. It was Margu  rite, the betrothed bride of Jarnac. He had surprised her in sleep, and, enveloping her in his mantle, effectually stifled her cries. In her agony, however, Margu  rite struggled so vigorously that, although she could not extricate her delicate form from the iron grasp of the brigand, she at last succeeded in recovering her voice and uttered such a piercing shriek of despair that it rang through the whole village. The sentinels stood still, and gazed around in anxious silence, but dared not run beyond the limits of their post. Etienne, too, was on guard, and heard the voice; it thrilled through his very heart; the direction from which it came—the thought that it might be the cry of his friend's mistress—at once determined him to venture all, rather than remain in horrible suspense. A few minutes brought him to the spot; and his ready hand grappled the throat of the brigand. D'Ourlais, to preserve his own life, was compelled to release the frantic Marguerite, who ran to meet her father, for the old man, alarmed by her shrieks, was just rushing from the door of his cot. Exerting all his might, the brigand freed himself from the gripe of Etienne, and, calling lustily upon the guard, was surrounded in a moment by a party of the brigands, bearing *flambeaux*, with Lautrec D'Albret, his infamous patron, at their head.

"Part those brawlers!" exclaimed he; but there was little need of that command, for D'Ourlais quickly sprang from Etienne, and stood, cap in hand, before him. "What is the meaning of this coil?" demanded Lautrec sternly.

"So please thee, *capitaine*," replied Etienne, "hearing cries of distress some few minutes since, I rushed to this spot, and found a maiden struggling in the grasp of yon cowardly villain. I seized him by the throat, upon which he let his spoil escape, and in his turn loudly cried for help!"

"A fine story, in sooth, most noble *capitaine*," replied the brigand with a sneer, emboldened by the consciousness of his security. "'Tis true, I was seeking relaxation from the toilsome duties of the day in a little gallantry—and where is the soldier that will forego it? 'Tis also true that we were rather boisterous in our mirth; and this Franc-Archer must needs run from his post to mar it, seizing me violently and unawares, and would probably, taking advantage of my defenceless state, have despatched me, to satisfy that hatred which all know he bears me!"

"Oh! false in word, as he is false in deed!" exclaimed the incensed Etienne. "And I will bring such proof as shall answer to his shame every lie that he hath uttered."

"In the meantime," said Lautrec coolly, "deliver up thine arms; for of one breach of duty we are certain; and this is our province—thou hast quitted thy post! It boots thee little to call this soldier

false. Thou art in the king's service, not the maiden's. A drum or trumpet, not an idle woman's shriek, is the signal for a soldier. Lead him away."

D'Albret was no less displeased at the failure of the plot, than was the brigand at the rough handling which he had received from Etienne.

The whole of the following day Etienne remained in close confinement; while D'Ourlais, fearing the return of Jarnac, urged D'Albret to decide his fate; and, consequently, on the morrow, Etienne was summoned, accused, and summarily condemned for deserting his post. The idle story, as Lautrec termed it, which he offered in exculpation, was deemed as futile; at least an excuse unworthy of investigation; and, while a smile of savage delight lit up the dark countenance of D'Ourlais, he was led forth for immediate execution, a neighbouring tree being selected by the heartless D'Ourlais for the gibbet whereon his victim was to be sacrificed.

In the meantime Marguerite and her father, fearless of the risk they ran, endeavoured to gain admittance to D'Albret, to complain of the outrage which had been committed, and pray for the liberation of their friend; but vain and heart-breaking were all their attempts; they found every accessible point barred against them; and when Marguerite heard, with horror, that he was condemned, and was soon to forfeit his life, she rushed from the spot with her weeping father, and, quitting the village, set forth upon the road which Jarnac had taken. If Jarnac were near, the poor maiden thought, that he, her hero, at least would dare to speak, and demand justice for his friend. Aided by her father, she had already surmounted a high hill which commanded an extensive view of the adjacent country, when she exclaimed,—“What is that yonder, dearest father?” and she pointed to the westward.

“Alack! my child, I see nothing but a clump of trees!” replied he, shading his eyes from the noon-day sun with his embrowned hand.

“Oh Heaven!” continued Marguerite, still directing her inquiring gaze to the same point; Heaven has surely heard our prayers! Father, I am sure it moves. It is a body of men I see; do you not behold the glitter of their arms?”

Again the old man looked, but his weaker sight availed him nothing.

“Every moment makes me grow more sure,” exclaimed Marguerite, trembling with excess of feeling. “Father, tarry here; I will descend the hill and meet them; it must be Jarnac—my heart tells me it is he—and I cannot bear the suspense of awaiting his approach.”

No sooner were these words uttered, than, with a light heart, buoyant with hope, she descended the acclivity and bounded over the plain below. In a few minutes she was convinced of the truth; it was her Jarnac, and the youth soon held her in his arms. But the colour soon fled from his cheeks when he gazed upon her pallid and care-worn features. The impending fate of his bosom-friend

was told as they hurried on—his bravery in her defence—the villany of D'Ourlais. Jarnac's bosom was alternately agitated with rage and fear. But he would not permit Marguérite to follow him; he left her upon the hill with her father, where he promised he would seek or send for her upon the issue of this dreadful affair, and instantly bounded off with his comrades.

The whole regiment was drawn out to witness the execution of the unfortunate Etienne. Every one pitied his unhappy destiny, yet feared to murmur, although in their hearts they cursed the cruel despot who so unjustly doomed so brave a youth to death. While one of the brigands ascended the ladder to fasten the fatal cord to the tree, D'Ourlais, as if resolved to glut his eyes with the dying pangs of his victim, stood at the foot. A few paces distant was the haughty Lautrec, viewing the preparations with a cold and heartless unconcern, and prepared to give the signal for his despatch. At this awful juncture, when every eye was averted, and the officiating brigand gave notice that all was ready, an arrow, with a sure and deadly aim, pierced the executioner to the heart, who, with a fearful shriek, fell dead to the earth!

"A rescue!" exclaimed the astounded D'Ourlais, drawing his weapon, and looking anxiously around to observe whence the arrow came.

"Jarnac! Jarnac!" shouted the whole regiment of Franc-archers; and the next instant he rushed into the midst, followed by his twelve companions. His drawn sword was in his hand, and his flushed countenance betrayed his wrath.

"Lo! here comes the traitor!" exclaimed D'Ourlais.

"Thou liest!—Here stands the traitor! and thus Jarnac greets him!" and pouncing upon him with the fury of a lion, he struck the brigand at one blow to the ground, never more to rise.

In vain D'Albret commanded his men to surround and secure him, or cleave him to the centre. Jarnac, wielding his blade weltering in the blood of the detested D'Ourlais, kept them at bay.

"Draw not your swords upon a comrade, who dares to stand here the advocate of liberty—of liberty to ye! Who is this man?" pointing at D'Albret. "Has he virtue, honour, justice—nay, one spark of human feeling to mark him as a fellow-man? 'Twas for this proud capitaine D'Ourlais sought to rob me of my bride! but Etienne's arm defended her, and so was doomed to die like a felon! Nay, this very 'honourable mission,' on which he sent me, was a *ruse*!"

"Cowards! traitors! will none of ye stop the rebel's tongue?" exclaimed D'Albret, exasperated by this bold and daring harangue; and making towards him with his drawn sword, he would speedily have immolated him to his rage, had not Jarnac's avenging weapon stayed him in his career—it passed through his heart, and, to the terror of all, the proud leader fell mortally wounded at the feet of the Franc-Archer.

The rescued Etienne, scarcely knowing whether to rejoice or repine at his escape, fell upon the neck of his valiant friend. "Fly,

dearest friend of my soul!" exclaimed he; "fly from the danger which threatens thee. Death alone will be the reward of the justice thou hast so fearlessly inflicted."

Dismay filled every breast; but none ventured to secure the Franc-Archer; all felt alike the magnanimity of Jarnac's conduct, and the danger which hung over him. Jarnac alone was upheld by the same unflinching courage which had inspired him to do the deed in which he gloried.

"Comrades," cried he, exultingly, "I have at least destroyed the tyrant who oppressed us all, and I shall welcome any death won at the noble price of such a just and honourable retribution. Oh! such a sweet revenge were worth the lives of twenty humble men like me. I know the worst that can befall me now, and stand prepared. Etienne," continued he, turning to his friend, "go thou and seek my Margu rite and her venerable father. To Heaven's care and thine I now resign them."

"And what dost thou, my noble friend, purpose to do in this dilemma?" anxiously enquired Etienne.

"To seek the king," replied Jarnac; "to lay at his royal feet the arms that I have borne for his honour; to confess what I have done; and submit my fate to his decree."

And having furnished himself with a good horse, the Franc-Archer, without further delay, immediately set forth for the capital, followed by the prayers and good wishes of his comrades, to carry his resolution into effect.

Twenty days elapsed, and no tidings having reached his anxious friends, they mournfully yielded to the afflicting thought that he had perished. But their sorrow was light indeed compared with the grief of Margu rite. She was inconsolable, and wasted the long and lingering days and nights in unavailing tears. Even Etienne, concealing the fearful forebodings of his own faithful heart, essayed in vain to buoy her up with hope, for every returning night only served to prove how false and flattering it was. But the stillness of the evening hour was at length broken, and the dreadful uncertainty of all promised, at last, to be set at rest; for the clattering of a horse's hoofs rang through the silent hamlet, and suddenly, as if by magic, the road was thronged. Every heart beat tumultuously. Margu rite too was there, pale and spirit-broken, supported by the vigorous arm of Etienne. How eagerly every soul pressed forward to greet the horseman, and he, too, appeared to advance no less impatiently. He soon approached the foremost of the march, and threw himself from his foaming steed. Margu rite and Etienne were by his side; a faint shriek from the maiden told at once the bitter disappointment of her forlorn, her last and only hope. Jarnac was not there. It was a cold and special messenger from the court, with a command that on the following morning all the regiment should be drawn out to receive their newly-appointed leader. And this was all he had to tell, and all he knew; and so grieved were they, one and all, with this sudden overthrow of their most sanguine expectations, that they almost lost sight of their hospitality and duty, in neglecting to lead the way-worn courier to his quarters.

After a restless night, they listlessly prepared to obey the royal mandate, by assembling at the hour appointed to greet another leader—perhaps another D'Albret. But they were not long held in suspense; for, with a punctuality which their former courtly leader would have disdained to have observed towards them, they soon beheld a cloud of dust arising in the west, and anon the trampling of horse betokened the approach of their leader and his escort. Etienne was there; but poor Marguérite was weeping in her lonely cottage, deaf even to the exhortations of her gray-haired parent. The gay and glittering accoutrements of the newly-chosen capitaine were soon recognised; for the charger which bore him appeared almost to outstrip the wind. Continuing his course, he reined shortly up within a few paces of the regiment, whose acclamations greeted their new leader, who was doomed to be as a father or a scourge to them. Bounding from his steed, and hastily casting aside his plumed hat, he ran forward and threw himself into the arms of the astonished Etienne.

It was Jarnac!—Jarnac the bold and free! All discipline was forgotten; shouts of joy rent the air; and, in the delirium of their ecstasy, some wept outright—caps were hurled aloft—while the name of “Jarnac!” repeated by a hundred joyous voices, brought forth the tearful Marguérite to the field. Her enquiring eye soon marked her lover in the throng—she tottered towards him, and swooned in the encircling arms of her affectionate Jarnac.

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The development of this happy and no less surprising conclusion demands but few words.

Jarnac, in pursuance of his resolution, had sought the king, who having graciously vouchsafed him a hearing, he told his “round, unvarnished tale,” with all the simplicity and force of truth. Won by the bold and honest manner of Jarnac, the king at once nobly and generously decided his fate; not merely granting him his free pardon, but investing him with all the honours which D'Albret had so fatally disgraced.

“Nay, herein,” said the monarch, in reply to the grateful acknowledgments of the Franc-Archer, “we have not only acted with that justice which doth well befit a king, but with true policy too, Sir Archer, for have we not changed a proud knave—a minion of that traitor d'Alençon—for a brave and honest soldier? And be thou but as firm in truth and loyalty as thou hast been hardy in the cause of justice, and we shall not have reason to regret our favour.”

The tears of Marguérite were soon dried by the affectionate tenderness of Jarnac—for his heart was unchanged—and it was a source of unmingled joy to the whole regiment, when their beloved capitaine made the charming Marguérite his bride.

LETTERS FROM GERMANY AND BELGIUM.

October, 1836.

THE railway from Brussels to Antwerp is nearly thirty miles in length, and the journey usually occupies above an hour and a quarter. It is much travelled on, and, in addition to its convenience, is rapidly proving fruitful in commercial advantages to both places. The division from Brussels to Malines has been open three years, while the part leading from that town to Antwerp was only completed last season. During the five months of May, June, July, August, and September last, 531,000 travellers are announced in the official returns, as having passed by it, making an average of 3470 per day; and it is hence calculated, that in a few years the pecuniary returns will repay to the Belgian government the total expense of its formation. Belgium being the most densely peopled country of Europe, is from that circumstance, as well as from its general levelness and manufacturing industry, a peculiarly favourable district for railways—those new and very efficient accessories to civilization as well as commerce.

Antwerp is considered a very handsome old town, most conveniently situated on the Scheldt, and in the age of Spanish glory and Belgian subjection, it is said to have contained 200,000 people; but the population does not now much exceed 65,000—the number having been considerably diminished since the revolution of 1830, by the removal of many of the principal merchants to Rotterdam, with their dependants, their capital, and their ships. It would seem, however, to be unreasonable to suppose that such a desertion from political motives can permanently injure the trade of Antwerp, which is the natural outlet for the manufactures of this kingdom, as well as the only good depôt of importation for foreign productions. Wealth, ships, and mercantile connexion may certainly for a time be diminished; but such a field for business can hardly fail to attract other capital, and the young merchants of Antwerp must soon feel the benefit which the political orange merchants have rendered them by retiring from Belgium.

The magnificent docks here were formed by the fiat of that magician, Napoleon, while yet the influence of his name endured, and the place was by him intended to have been as great in commerce as in the *materiel* for naval warfare. There happen unfortunately, at this moment, to be scarcely twenty vessels in these beautiful docks, but the commercialists here may surely comfort themselves with a well-grounded expectation that more prosperous times must soon return. The streets of the city have a spacious though rather desolate aspect; the churches are, however, peculiarly rich, as to architectural ornaments, and possess innumerable pictorial treasures, as one instance of interior richness, selected from St. Jacques, exhibits twenty-two altars and eighteen chapels, each of a different description of marble; neither is this church by any means

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wanting in interesting pictures by Rubens, as well as others. On entering the Dominican church, our course lay through a curious calvary, containing many figures and representations of various scenes from sacred history; while on further advancing, we discovered a very spirited representation of the pains of purgatory.

The cathedral here is scarcely less celebrated for the richness and height of its spire than for containing Rubens's chef-d'œuvre—the Descent from the Cross. This picture, like all others of the same subject, is necessarily harrowing to the feelings, as bringing the most agonizing part of our heavenly faith before the mind, with almost the painful vividness of reality. The white linen, crimson-stained with the sacred blood, is beautifully represented like a sheet of alabaster studded with rubies beyond price, so that a beholder's feelings can scarcely fail to be affected by it, much beyond the measure of sympathy usually called forth by the higher achievements of the fine arts. Several more interesting pictures, by Rubens and others, adorn the cold walls of the cathedral; but that which certainly afforded my untutored taste the greatest pleasure was the transcendently benignant expression of a Christ's Head, by Van Diependeck. Antwerp, from having long been the residence of Rubens, naturally abounds more in his works, considering the otherwise moderate extent of its pictorial riches, than any other dépôt of the fine arts; and the public gallery exhibits several of his greatest productions. Of these, the Crucifixion of Christ between the Two Malefactors is doubtless the most powerful; but a Madonna and a Child, as well as the Virgin instructed by St. Anne, may be characterized as more pleasing performances, approaching nearer to the refined and poetical delicacy of the Italian school, and consequently differing very materially from the usual manner of Rubens. It would unquestionably prove a task of considerable difficulty for the unqualified admirers of this painter to reconcile to good taste, the fact of many of his Madonnas, and other sacred female characters, being, as is admitted, portraits of his wives and mistresses; for though it may even be possible that this indelicacy might have been forgiven had his domestic attractions been such as are occasionally to be met gracing and refining this nether world; yet these originals appear to have been merely coarse, Flemish, and flashy, without possessing any redeeming points of elegance. The gallery also boasts some much esteemed works by Van Dyck, &c. &c., not forgetting what appeared to me an excellent modern picture representing, with powerful effect, the very Catholic death-bed scene of Rubens himself. Some productions of Quentin Matsys, who may be styled the Raphael of blacksmiths, are very worthy of attention, though perhaps exhibiting more of the hardness of his first vocation than is desirable. Love miraculously converted this humble knight of the anvil into an eminent painter; for, having addressed the daughter of Floris, an artist of Antwerp, and being rejected by her father on account of his Vulcan-like profession, he straightway proceeded to Rome and studied painting, bringing back with him productions which at once entitled him to a respectable place among the aristocrats of the art. Having thus ennobled himself, the lady was readily won; but I fear,

the prize being obtained, Matsys must have become indolent in his new vocation, as there are so very few of his pictures to be met with—of these, the *Misers at Windsor* seems generally to be esteemed as one of the most favourable specimens. It is not altogether impossible that Sir Walter Scott may have had Matsys in view when in the "*Fair Maid of Perth*," he imbues the blacksmith, Harry Wynd, with a love worthy of a cavalier, "*wax to receive, and iron to retain.*"

The citadel of Antwerp possesses a peculiar interest, as having endured the only siege since the general reign of peace in Europe, and a siege without a war is a modern anomaly, arising from Dutch obstinacy. It having been perfectly well known to the King of Holland, as well as to all Europe, that the citadel could not fail to be taken, why it should therefore have been defended to the last hour, is a matter that no reasoning can explain. Indeed it was, as appears, only after the French commander had secured a way for his troops to reach the glacis, and sent General Chassée a message that he meant to dine that day with his army in the citadel, that the place was surrendered. If I recollect numbers correctly, seventy or eighty thousand shot and shell were stated by our conductor to have been thrown into the citadel from the French trenches, and by such means all the interior buildings were speedily reduced to heaps of rubbish.

A few remarks on the agriculture of Germany cannot, I hope, be unwelcomely addressed to one who feels so warm an interest in that subject as you do, and has well earned the honours of usefulness, by having fertilized the waste of a remote island, and causing it to smile like the garden.

Among the Germans, though philosophy and the sciences may be more generally understood than with us, yet practical knowledge, as evinced in their agriculture, their manufactures, and many of their domestic and travelling arrangements, appears very far in arrear of the English standard. Throughout Germany, as in France, there are no farm-houses to be seen scattered among the fields, the people being all congregated in villages, from which the distance to their respective fields must frequently be very considerable. Such a system has, of course, its social advantages, but is full of agricultural inconvenience; and whether it originated in the desire for friendly intercourse, or in the insecurity which, even within the last century, might have attended detached residences, I could not very satisfactorily ascertain. The want, also, of any visible division of the fields, and especially the absence of hedges, must be considered an equal offence against the laws of taste, and of good agriculture. Indeed, the vast benefits derivable from the shelter of hedges,—the drainage of certain descriptions of land,—good agricultural implements, and the proper use of them,—but, above all, from a due rotation of crops, are very important matters, of which the German farmers have as yet comparatively little knowledge. If those narrow-minded Malthusians who deem that the population of the European world is already pressing on its means of subsistence, so as to require to be checked, would incur the trouble of sending a scientific agriculturist to Germany, his report, unless I much mistake, could hardly fail to

be, that the country is capable of producing, under an improved system of farming industry, double what it now does. The diffusion of knowledge cannot fail gradually to accomplish this, so that Germany may, at a period not very remote, produce food sufficient for eighty instead of forty millions of people; and even this estimate is only according to the present knowledge of the art as practised in Britain; for how much farther chemical and practical science may carry it, cannot at present be even guessed at. With a view to deprive this estimate of any appearance of visionariness, a fact may be stated which is well known to all those having had much intercourse with the agricultural classes,—that the produce of many districts of country in England, Scotland, and Ireland, has, within the last forty years, been more than doubled or tripled, and the same means are, of course, capable of producing similar results in Germany as in England. Another evil, which appears to arise from the unscientific and unornamental habits of German agriculture, is that it prevents the pursuit from being an agreeable occupation or amusement for gentlemen; and it is, of course, by them that the result of experiments involving considerable expense must be first proved to the less wealthy part of the community. This absence of gentleman farmers in Germany appears, therefore, both a cause and a consequence of the present state of agricultural backwardness, and the healthful influence which in England a useful residence in the country during six months of the year yields to both the *physique* and *morale* of our gentry, is there comparatively unknown. It may, no doubt, be found somewhat *triste* for persons accustomed to the excitement of cities to withdraw to the monotony of rural life; but assuredly such gentlemen of Germany as may desire to benefit their country, could hardly do so more effectually than by showing an example of deserting her operas, and devoting themselves to the goddess of agriculture in her fields.

Continental travelling must be admitted to afford so happy a combination of pleasures, comprehending active arrangements amounting almost to business, and affording never-ending subjects for inquiries replete with instruction, that it would be difficult to conceive any thing which could more agreeably agitate the stagnant stream of unoccupied existence. The enjoyments of travelling are indeed so numerous that it becomes scarcely matter of surprise that, from a refined and wealthy nation such as England, about 150,000 roamers are generally to be found in the various states of the Continent, to whom travelling yields health and recreation abundantly, as well as a certain measure of knowledge without the labour of study. As a further gain, it may not be improper to consider the mental effect it induces, by causing time to be viewed through such a magnifying medium as to create an apparent increase of existence; for three months well employed in rambling do appear, when viewed retrospectively, as lengthened out into at least three times their natural space. So much having been seen, felt, admired, and learned in a brief period, one feels strongly disposed to believe the almanack to be wrong, and that the seasons must have stood still; thus proving the metaphysical principle that mind estimates time by the number and succession of ideas and events.

There is, however, another view to be taken of English travelling on the Continent, which it is not so entirely agreeable for a patriot to consider, and that is the inconceivable amount of money there dissipated, which, if distributed at home, would tend to the relief of distress, and the improvement of our own country and people in a thousand different ways. This national loss is, perhaps, not generally estimated at its full amount; for reckoning, as it is usual to do, the medium number of English residents and travellers abroad at 150,000, and £200 as the average expenditure of each, it will amount to the enormous sum of thirty millions sterling annually.

To supply such a drain, the steam-engines of Birmingham and Manchester would truly require to move without ceasing; for whether the incomes thus expended be derived from land, manufactures, money, or the government, still steam may be considered, to a very considerable extent, as the paymaster-general; and thus it is that our neighbours of the Continent draw from England the gains of her superior industry. According to this estimate, therefore, the money which has been thus expended by English residents and travellers abroad during twenty-two years of peace, must have amounted to the enormous sum of 660 millions sterling, which would be sufficient to pay off more than three-fourths of our national debt!

German manners generally impress themselves agreeably on strangers, and that which seems most likely first to strike an English traveller is the comparative absence of *hauteur* in the bearing of both sexes, while, at the same time, entire delicacy, elegance, and self-possession prevail.

Conventional politeness may possibly have established for itself a more perfect code of laws in France and England than in Germany; but that true and natural politeness which speaks to and respects the feelings of all classes, can scarcely be supposed anywhere to exist in a more pleasing state than in Germany. Different classes might hence, in Germany, be no doubt mixed together in society more safely, without the higher assuming a tone of superiority, or the lower feeling themselves out of place, thus affording a strong contrast to the state of social intercourse in England; for in London there are nearly as many sets as there are Squares—these squares being again sub-divided by shades of distinction, till there remain few families that can really associate with feelings of comfortable equality. Those who boast aristocratic blood are, of course, disposed to be exclusives—those who have carriages and country seats carry themselves high—and establishments with men-servants can scarcely condescend to associate on familiar terms with others, where the doors are opened by female domestics. It is probably this unmeaning division of society into classes, not from any difference in refinement, but from an accidental deficiency in fortune, which causes English travellers abroad to keep so peculiarly aloof from each other, to the infinite amusement of the native gentry, who remark, that immediately on our islanders recognising each other as compatriots in the public rooms of a foreign hotel, they usually station themselves at opposite windows, and studiously avoid intercourse beyond

the exchange of a few unamiable glances, to endeavour to discover each other's rank. There appears some reason, however, to believe that this habit has been so ridiculed that our travellers have adopted a change of tactics, as we recently met with several instances of persons, evidently many sets above ourselves, who frankly communicated many amusing and interesting particulars of their travels in Norway, Sweden, Russia, Turkey, and Egypt. Exclusive of the social satisfaction which such intercourse affords in a foreign land, much may be learned by thus interchanging information, and perhaps the best rule a traveller can follow in this respect might be always to offer an opening for conversation, and it will probably seldom be entirely declined.

The German language appears so difficult in its articulation, as well as by means of the vastness of the number of its words, that it would seem hopeless for any person, who did not possess a considerable endowment of the gift of tongues, coupled with much perseverance, to attempt its acquisition. Indeed there is an obstacle at the very threshold of its study, which is peculiar to this language, viz., the antiquated and unintelligible form of the German character of letter; and as much time might probably be required to overcome this A B C difficulty, as might have sufficed for the acquisition of a certain knowledge of one of the more easy languages. As the greater proportion of the German people can read, and most of them also write, the usual Italian character, why they should still continue the use of one so much less distinct, and which has been long abandoned by all the rest of Europe, is not very easy to be conjectured. Considering the great concourse of English travellers which annually resort to the cities and baths of Germany, very few indeed become proficient in its language, the guttural pronunciation of which is found to be peculiarly difficult to English organs of speech, though it is stated to be more readily acquired by the natives of Scotland, and with a facility somewhat proportioned to the broadness of their native accents.

Though a considerable proportion of the states of Germany have obtained representative chambers, yet, in practice, these are very inefficient, being checked in all matters involving any extension of liberty or the general principles of government by the Germanic confederation, over which the larger states (Prussia particularly) exercise a predominating influence. There is certainly no people in whose hands the greatest extent of constitutional liberty might be more safely deposited than the Germans, pre-eminent as they are for intelligence, as well as for deliberativeness of disposition; while institutions, really free and uninfluenced by absolutism, would probably tend to produce an energy in the national character, which, as compared with some constitutional countries, seems at present to be wanting. It is no more, however, than justice towards Prussia to state, that his present majesty's government is acknowledged by even the constitution-seeking Germans to be one of the best which has ever existed of an absolute character; while even that of much reviled Austria is considered to be mild and paternal towards her ancient dominions.

The geographical map-makers of the Continent would appear to

have united themselves with the various governments in an endeavour to cover with oblivion all the ancient landmarks which formerly divided Europe into its separate kingdoms. Austria is, therefore, on this oblivion principle, encircled by a vast outline of yellow, and Prussia by another vast margin of blue; so that the inquisitive traveller must endeavour to discover from other sources than these maps whether, at any particular town he chances to be within, the territorial limits which, in times past, formed the extinct states of Bohemia or Moravia, Hungary or Poland.

Nobility appears in Germany to be so common, that it can scarcely be supposed as of much value; and if its possessors do feel that pride of station and ancestry which we have been taught to believe, it is certainly neither visible in their demeanour nor in the proffered homage of those marked by more humble origin. There is probably, however, no country in which the aristocracy of genius is more highly regarded than in Germany, where such gifted spirits as Schiller, Goethe, and Kant, appear to have been the objects rather of worship than of mere admiration. Military officers, as well as government employés of respectable grade, are indeed both considered to occupy higher places in German estimation than those who happen only to be ennobled by their ancient quarterings, and the extinct glories of their ancestors.

German politicians frequently allege the exclusion of their corn and timber by England as the chief cause which has led to almost the exclusion of our manufactures. I confess, however, being more disposed to consider Prussian state policy as the true explanation; but this is a point which might be readily ascertained if our government would propose the admission of foreign timber and grain at moderate fixed duties on condition of the rates on British manufactures being placed on a more favourable footing in Germany. If acceded to, the British manufacturing interests would undoubtedly receive a considerable impulse; and our exchequer might, probably, benefit to the extent of two or three millions of annual corn duty, while the price of the chief article of subsistence would be kept free from any considerable fluctuation. As the law now stands, when wheat rises to 80s., so as to become admissible at 1s. per quarter duty, the country is drained of gold to pay for what, under a better system, ought to be paid for in manufactures, the exchequer is not benefitted, and the duty of 8s. or 10s. per quarter, which might be regularly received as duty, is in effect so much bonus offered to the foreign grower, who on such occasions of scarcity does not fail to receive for his grain double the ordinary price, inclusive of the duty which government, under such circumstances, needlessly relinquishes. In addition, besides to any fixed duty that might be imposed on corn, the British agriculturist is very largely protected by the expense of transporting so bulky an article from any of the distant foreign countries, which yield it in disposable abundance. Earl Fitzwilliam's able pamphlet on this subject, ought surely to have convinced those whose fancied interests do not bias their judgments, that the manufacturing prosperity of England must, in future, mainly depend on the cheapness of food and labour, as surely as the pecuniary interests

of her landowners must be influenced by the activity of her commerce. It is assuredly to the manufacturing prosperity of the kingdom rather than to its impolitic corn laws, that the landed aristocracy are indebted for those double rents which they receive for land as compared with the income derivable from similar property in any other country of Europe. As the use and construction of machinery is now no longer a mystery, the knowledge of which is limited to England, it would be entirely against reason to imagine that the manufacturers of Manchester can possibly continue to purchase dear labour and food, as well as to pay high taxes, and yet compete successfully with the growing establishments of those cheaper countries—France, Switzerland, Belgium, and Germany. In a considerable number of articles, as is well known, the manufactured productions of these countries are already successfully competing with those of England in America, as well as the other distant markets of the world, and the only ray of hope which rises to check the darkness of our prospect is, that, by a return to cheap food and labour, British energy and capital may still bear up our country against the numerous competitors which surround her. No reasonable English landowner, who is willing to look fearlessly forward to the results which manufacturing competition and the present corn laws must engender, can doubt that his rent-roll would be greater twenty years hence, if these laws were altered to-morrow, than if the country continues to drag out an inanimate commercial existence till our rivals have so fully established themselves that any change would come too late. These remarks are far from being intended to insinuate that England should concede the corn question to any country which did not grant to her very large countervailing advantages. She has already yielded much without meeting with the return that was anticipated, but as our exclusion of corn is the *cheval de bataille* with which the continental governments combat us, as an apology for every new restriction they could scarcely refuse to concede much for the repeal of that law. It is hardly to be doubted, that the various grain exporting states of the continent would, in some respects, gain even more than England by the change proposed, as their people might then be fully employed in the healthful and improving pursuits of agriculture, while our sallow millions would still be condemned to drive the shuttle and beat the anvil in demoralized and unmanageable masses. In conclusion of this subject, I will venture to assert, without any fear of reasonable contradiction, that the practice of agriculture in Britain is much more in advance of that of the continent than our manufacturing skill now is, as compared to theirs, and consequently the former should stand less in aid of protection than the latter.

It would be a difficult proposition to decide, whether it be more productive of pain to our national feelings, or of pleasure to those of general benevolence, to find that the humbler classes of other countries appear to be more comfortably situated, in so far as a passer-by is able to discover, than those of our own country. Such I am disposed to think is the case with the people of Germany; they certainly show less of that work-worn and care-bespeaking aspect which is so unpleasingly perceptible among the masses of British operatives.

The working classes of Germany may indeed be clad in coarser apparel than their fellow-labourers of England, and their food may be more homely though it is more abundant; but they are certainly not condemned to the same enormous quantity of animal labour which in Britain reduces our operatives to almost below the level of humanity, and excludes the leisure for any other enjoyment than the purely physical. Both property and comfort may be considered as on a more equal though more moderate scale in Germany, and if that country boasts fewer millionaires in money than Britain does, she is also comparatively free from the reproach of having millions of her people in rags and misery.

Free as Protestant Germany, generally speaking, is of beggars, yet there is a class of *respectable solicitors*, whose demands are made in a manner peculiarly calculated (considering the respectability of their exterior) to excite the surprise of strangers. These wanderers are the recently emancipated apprentices of the various handicrafts taught in Germany, who frequently resort to France and other countries to complete their knowledge and procure employment. In doing so the custom of their country appears to sanction an appeal to the travelling public for pecuniary aid, which is a species of degradation that must, I humbly conceive, afford very disagreeable reminiscences to an independent mind, when fortune, in an after period of life, may have smiled upon their industry and exertions. This circumstance is so much at variance with German habits and feelings otherwise, that it must be deemed a subject of regret that some more secure fund than that derived from the precarious liberality of travellers should not be provided to aid the migration of these youthful tailors and bookbinders to other countries. These applicants are not unusually quite as well dressed as those to whose liberality they appeal, and the importunity with which they frequently ran by the side of our carriage, was such as, added to the respectability of their appearance, generally caused their demands to be somewhat attended to.

In conclusion, English travellers returning from France or Italy would perhaps do well to prepare themselves for the more domestic tone of their own country, by lingering some time in Northern Germany, undergoing, by a sojourn, there an intercourse with its ingenuous and kindhearted people—a species of moral quarantine, which might aid in the destruction of any latent seeds of disorder—the insincerity that may have been imbibed in France, or the sensual habits of Italy.

THE FATAL PROPHECY, OR THE DEATH OF OLEG;

A RUSSIAN LEGEND.

BY EDWARD STIRLING.

"Ho! whither away rides the Prince Oleg so fast?"

"Knowest thou not—'tis to the land of the grape, and the fig, and the citron—the land of purple cloths—and pearls—of gold and silver—the land of silk and gems—the city of spires and turrets?"

"And who are they that follow him? Their dark locks wave in the wind—their fierce brows lower in wrath—the mains and tails of their fleet coursers are streaming in the blast—and hark to their wild *hourrah!* Who are they that leave their snow-clad plains for the vales of the South?"

"Knowest thou not the wild Varangians of Novogorod—how they came like robbers, and seized upon the kingdom of the North—how they have swam over rivers—and torn away our wives and children—how they have scorched up our homes and our harvests, and drawn the life-blood of the princes of Kief?"

"And whither go they now?"

"To the city of Constantine—the holy city.—Hark to their shout that the breeze wafts hither—their yell of savage fury—and see—see him on a milk-white steed who towers above the rest and urges them on to deeds of plunder and perfidy. Hither he comes—'tis Oleg—Oleg the destroyer—anathema!—the blood of Ascold and Dir be upon his head!"

Prince Oleg, on his milk-white steed, sped far and fast on his career of blood—accompanied by his band of cossacks whose loud *hourrahs* drowned both the prayer of the victim and the wails of the bereaved. Away over the dreary plains of the North, nought could oppose his victorious career. At length, a mighty river and a tangled forest up the hill-side beyond arrested his progress, and for an instant Oleg and his troops halted on the brink. It was but for an instant—at the example of their lord, in they plunged—men and horses—to dare their death in the rapid whirlpool. The arm of Oleg was seen raised—his voice was heard encouraging them on—the clang of their harness responded to his call, as the cavalcade rushed into the water. Some reached the opposite shore, the rest were swept away down the stream, and sank for ever.

"They are gone to join Rurick in the halls of the brave," cried Oleg, and collecting his brave followers round him again he pursued his way.

But the tangled forest on the hill-side next impeded them, and they were obliged to separate. It was moonlight, and their polished helmets, studding the dark wood, shone in the pale beams as they scaled the height, like a terrestrial firmament of stars emulating those that glittered above.

"Hourrah! on! on!" shouted Oleg, as they gained the summit; "yonder is a light—we shall meet with brave reception there."

Away over the desolate heath—away they sped—towards the light that twinkled afar. It was from a solitary monastery—the passing-bell tolled for a departed brother as the long and solemn train of monks emerged from the hollow-sounding portal, bearing the body to its last resting-place. With eyes fixed on the ground and solemn chant they glided slowly along, as Oleg and his fierce horde with clattering hoofs rode up swift as the wind amongst them. With them all were legitimate objects of rapine, and, like a troop of demons, they rushed upon the defenceless monks—slew many on the spot—pursued the rest who fled, and victors and vanquished together rushed in at the open gates, which were stained with the purple carnage. Unaccustomed to the worship of any god save that of war, without reverence for the religious panoply of the Christians, Oleg and his Varangians burst into the sanctuary and proceeded to despoil the shrine.

"Hold, sacrilegious!—hold!" exclaimed the superior. "Holy Virgin and saints!—will ye suffer this? Rash men! what seek ye?—Gold?—We have it—we will yield it—but spare the altar of the Most High—forbear—forbear—mighty powers—oh! pardon them—they know not what they do!"

His adjurations were unheeded: seizing a crucifix, he stood before the shrine endeavouring to repress by his single voice the crowd of savages who pressed inwards in a turbulent stream. With the sacred emblem elevated in his hand, he thus addressed them:—

"See—see—this is the God whom ye despise, whose temple ye are now violating by this sacrilege: ye will surely perish. See—believe, and tremble."

A laugh of insult only burst forth in answer, as the barbarians turned again to pursue their hated work; and the faces of his slain brethren, as they lay stiff and stark, their sable garments bathed in blood, their eyes staring as they had died in their agony, gazed on him as in mockery, illumined by the ghastly moon-light.

"Now by my milk-white steed," said Oleg—

"Hold, impious!" exclaimed the abbot, "*that milk-white steed shall cause thy death.*"

Oleg started, for the first time awake to terror. With a voice trepidated and wavering he called off his fierce tribe, and 'spite of their discontent and mutterings, he led them away from the scene of their guilt and carnage; and rapid as had been his journey before, now was it as slow and fearfully, and careful of every step, lest his horse should stumble, and thus fulfil the fatal prophecy.

Not long did Oleg rest without consulting the priest of his own land. The mystic fires blazed within the huge circle of gigantic stones that formed the chief temple of the Pagan Russians of Kief. The father of the mysteries with his assistants, long robed, as the Druids in Britain of old, met Oleg at the entrance as he came alone to ask of them how he should avert the threatened evil, and the hidden import of the fearful words.

"Fear not the gods of the Christians, warrior!" said they;

"has not thy red right arm full often conquered and despoiled them? Pursue thy victories, still conquer and destroy, and yet use not thy favourite horse."

"What then—can ye give me no more security than what my own reason would prompt me to?" demanded Oleg—"where then is your boasted knowledge—of what use are your arts?"

"We can make thee invulnerable" said the father, "in every part but one, but over one part we may have no control; choose which part that shall be."

"The heel then, since that is never towards my enemies."

"Be it so—the heel then be thine only part that can be harmed;" and pouring out a blood-red liquid from a goblet on the ground, the priest muttered an indistinctly heard charm over the altar, whose lambent flame was suddenly lit up with a lurid glare.

"Stay," said he to Oleg, "and watch this sacred fire for seven days and seven nights; breathe not a sound nor stir from this spot, and the mighty gift is insured."—They left him.

For seven days and seven nights Prince Oleg watched the mystic fire, in solitary silence, broken only by the moans of the sighing blast that swept through the ruined pile, and the thick groves around, the hootings of the owl, and the harsh scream of the vulture, wheeling aloft expectant of his prey. At the end of that period the sages returned.—"Tis well,"—said they; "now art thou free—invulnerable to all, save in the heel. Go forth and conquer!"

"Who is it that rides on so fast and so fiercely, but no longer on a milk-white steed, and with the wild Radinitchs, the Moroumiens, and the Cossacks, whose shouts make the affrighted welkin ring?"

"It is Oleg—Oleg the terrible! War and destruction are in his front—desolation and despair mark his footsteps.—Anathema! the blood of Ascold and Dir be on his head!"

Oleg again led his horde to the South. In the thickest of the conflict he was seen towering above the rest like a destroying angel: no sword clave his helmet—every arrow glanced from him, for he bore a charmed life. In the midst of carnage and destruction, while all around him were falling to rise no more, still Oleg fought unhurt and victorious. He ransacked the empire of the East, he triumphed over Constantinople, and hung his buckler at its gates in token of his triumph. Flushed with success and pride, laden with treasures and hostages, he returned homeward once more; and as before he had been received with scowls and derision, so now was he met with smiles and songs of joy, while fate lay hidden, to poison all concealed beneath the brightest flowers.

The feast of welcome went on merrily; Oleg pledged his followers often, and was as often pledged by them in return. At length in the fulness of his heart he exclaimed—"What have I now to fear?"—then suddenly turning round to one of his attendants he asked, "Where is the milk-white steed I used so much to dread?"

"Great prince, the milk-white steed has long been dead."

"Ha—say'st thou so?—I thank thee—lead me instantly to the spot where its bones wither."

Oleg was conducted thither, and placing his foot on the skull of his deceased favourite, said in a tone of exultation—"This, then, is the terrible animal whom I have so much dreaded—this is that which was to cause my death. Fool! poor idiot fool," laughed Oleg in scorn—"thus I stamp on thee, in token of my triumph over thee, and over death, and over the gods of the Christians."

Oleg hastened to withdraw his foot, but, strange to tell, it hung in the jaw of the animal, and he was thrown prostrate on the ground. At the same instant a poisonous serpent, that had lain concealed within the skull, disturbed from its repose, suddenly flew out and inflicted a mortal wound in the heel of Oleg, who groaned out, as he writhed there in agony, "Wretch! I have courted my own fate—I have insulted my fallen enemy—and I meet my reward."

Before sunset Oleg was a corpse, and thus, 'spite of Pagan charms, the Christians triumphed, and the fatal prophecy was fulfilled, that the milk-white steed of Oleg should be the cause of his death.

VICTOR HUGO'S PROPHECIES OF HIMSELF.

Now, vot'ries of the Muses, turn your eyes

Unto the East, and say what there appears:—

"Alas!" the voice of Poesy replies,

"Mystic 's that light between the hemispheres !

"Yes—dread 's the mystic light in yonder heaven—

Dread is the light behind the distant hill,

Like feeble flashes o'er the welkin driven,

When the far thunder seems as it were still !

"But who can tell if that uncertain glare

Be Phœbus' self, adorned with golden vest ;

Or if illusions, pregnant in the air,

Have drawn our glances to the radiant west ?

"Haply the sun-set has deceived the sight—

Perchance 'tis evening while we wait the morn :

Bewilder'd in the mazes of twilight,

That lucid sun-set may appear a dawn !"

THE MODERN FRENCH SCHOOL OF LITERATURE.

BY G. W. M. REYNOLDS.

CHAPTER III.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS is the most popular melodramatic writer in France—if not in Europe. His knowledge of stage-effect, and of the best methods of producing it, constitute, in a mechanical point of view, the grand secret of his extraordinary success; and the interest of his plots never fails to attract a numerous audience to the Porte Saint Martin Theatre, of which he is, as it were, the presiding genius. His style is, however, more or less easily imitated; an assertion fully corroborated by the productions of Mallefile, Lockroy, Anicet Bourgeois, Victor Hugo, Alfred de Vigny, &c. Dumas is the most perfect of all these dramatic authors in the construction of his plays; his sensibility is more natural, his style more even, and his ideas more correctly worked out. He is profound and philosophical in his views and conceptions; and without trusting to one brilliant scene for the success of the whole, he relies principally upon the *tout ensemble* itself—consequently, on the merits of his piece.

The coffers of this celebrated writer have been well filled from the treasuries of the various theatres and publishing houses in Paris. Even his earliest effusions were crowned with the most unparalleled success. The copyright of *Stockholm et Fontainebleau* was disposed of to Gustave Barba (the publisher of the novels of Paul de Kock and Pigault Lebrun) for the sum of 320*l.* sterling—*Henri III.* for 1200*l.*—and almost treble this last sum was given for *Angèle* and *Catherine Howard*. The performance of his various dramas in the different theatres throughout France produce him an average income of 440*l. per annum*; and for every article he writes in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* he receives 40*l.* His numerous works, independent of the dramas, such as *Les Souvenirs d'Antony*, *Impressions des Voyages*, &c., &c., have also enabled him to realize considerable pecuniary benefits.

The most popular of the melodramas of Alexandre Dumas—albeit he was only occupied eleven days in the composition of it—is *Angèle*. It was first performed at the theatre of the Porte Saint Martin on the 28th of December, 1833, and experienced the most brilliant success, enjoying a repetition during a hundred and fifty-two consecutive nights. We shall therefore lay before our readers an analysis of

Angèle.

Alfred d'Alvimar, an adventurer, is residing with his mistress, whom he passes off as his sister, in the lodging-house of a M. Muller, at Cotterets in the Pyrenees. Other apartments of the same

house are occupied by Madame Angélique and her niece Angèle. Angèle is the daughter of a widow lady, Madame de Gaston, who resides at Paris. M. Muller has a son, Henri, whose health is in a most precarious state—so much so, that his father was obliged to interpose his paternal authority, and prevent his son from following the only resource his wounded mind delighted in—the art of painting. Henri is also a surgeon; but a pulmonary complaint entirely supersedes the possibility of his pursuing any profession or laborious employment. He therefore resides with his father; and, as his disposition is kind, so his soul is susceptible; and the beauty of Angèle speedily makes a deep and lasting impression upon him. But he conceals his love; for he sees that Alfred d'Alvimar and the inexperienced girl, who has only entered her seventeenth year at this period, entertain and cherish a secret but firm attachment to each other, with only this difference—that the passion of Angèle is as pure as that of Alfred is selfish and interested.

Ernestine, the mistress of Alfred D'Alvimar, detects the secret of her faithless lover, and leaves him. Her *suite* of apartments, to which Alfred retains a key, are now given to Madame Angélique and Angèle, not only on account of being more commodious, but particularly because Madame de Gaston, Angèle's mother, is expected to arrive the next day and pass some time with her daughter.

Alfred now sees that he has no time to lose. He possesses the heart of Angèle; but in case of opposition to his suit, he is resolved to make her dependent upon his mercy and honour. The day passes away—Alfred always by the side of the unsuspecting girl, whom he has determined to ruin. Madame Angélique affords the lovers ample opportunity of conversing together in the evening, and at length each retires to his respective chamber.

On the following morning, Angèle and Alfred find themselves together and alone after breakfast. Their conversation will best continue the narrative for a short period.

Alfred. Angèle, dear Angèle—compose yourself.

Angèle. My God! my God!

Alfred. It was love that—

Angèle. O Alfred! they may well be surprised to see me in this condition. I feel myself blushing, and my colour coming and receding ten times in every minute; my tears suffocate me. What would I give to weep!

Alfred. Endeavour to restrain your emotions, dear girl.

Angèle. Ah! I was fearful of evil; last night I retired to slumber without addressing my prayers to God.

Alfred. Need angels pray?

Angèle. And now—we have sinned, have we not? Is it not a crime?

Alfred. Oh! if it were a crime, I alone am guilty; but it is not a crime, for you are my bride in the sight of Heaven. Angèle, ah! no—it cannot be a crime; for were I culpable, I should not be happy.

Angèle. You are happy, then?

Alfred. I am in paradise.

Angèle. And it is to me that you are indebted for that felicity?

Alfred. To thee—yes—to thee—to thee alone.

Angèle. Tell me that once more—your words console me.

Alfred. I repeat, Angèle, I owe my happiness to you. Such is the blissful lot of woman! God has sent her upon this earth to be the source of all good; and every favour she accords to him she loves, is in his mind a joyous reminiscence for the rest of his life.

Angèle. 'Tis true—too true; she bestows the happiness and preserves the shame!

Alfred. The shame, Angèle! Oh! who will ever know that there is a secret existing between us?

With such specious arguments as these Alfred succeeds in consoling Angèle; he then leaves her to hasten to meet Madame de Gaston, whose arrival is expected in an hour or two. During his absence, Henri Muller has a long conversation with Madame Angélique and Angèle, during which he gives a true and touching representation of his hopeless and incurable bodily predicament, and of his indifference as to life. The following paragraph is fine indeed: while it is capable of producing the greatest possible stage effect, it is also affecting, imposing, and true.

Henri. What? you wish I should become acquainted with the tenderness of love? Oh! if in my dying bosom I felt that sacred flame arise, I would conceal it for ever; I would hide it from every eye; I would crush it with all my enegies, for fear another should share it—although, in so doing, my heart were to break!

Angèle. Henri! O Henri!

Henri. I think so well of life, of the honour of men, and of the purity of women, that I can well imagine the extent of all the felicity that a hateful horizon conceals from my eyes. Pity me, Angèle—pity me; to be deplored by you—Oh! it would console me!

Angèle. Yes, I pity you; but I cannot believe all you assert.

Henri. And then, Angèle, this lamentable state has made me selfish, and silenced my former honourable feelings. I cannot bear to see an individual destined, as far as we may judge of physical force, to live to an old age, to love, and to be loved! for the impossibility of enjoying the blessings of love, Angèle, is all I regret in life—most solemnly I aver it! When I see that individual whom fortune has been bountiful to, I say, "Great God! how do his virtues so much excel mine!" When, breathless with fatigue, I ascend the lofty Pyrenees, in the eager hope that a purer air will refresh me, if a young tree, replete with verdure and with vigour, meet mine eye, I become jealous of that vegetative energy which I have not, and I rend it wilfully from its roots; or if an insignificant flower attract my glance, while it is yet fresh and expanding to the sun, I crush it beneath my feet! In fine, there are those moments of despair when I seem to feel the agonies of life insupportable, and then am I ready to conclude my days in the blood of a distracted suicide.

This conversation, in which the author has displayed great knowledge of the human mind, and where his acquaintance with the force, the changes, and the versatilities of the passions is fully developed, is interrupted by the arrival of Madame de Gaston, whom Alfred D'Alvimar has happily encountered in time to save from a precipice into which she would have probably fallen.

Madame de Gaston is pressed by business, and can only stay a couple of hours at Cotterets. Alfred seeks an interview with her in order to demand the hand of Angèle. The scene is too remarkable to be negligently passed over.

Madame de Gaston (to Alfred, who is about to retire). You leave me also ?

Alfred. I was afraid of being indiscreet in remaining longer.

Madame de Gaston. You scarcely think so. Remember that I depart in another hour—that I know not when I may see you again ; that I have not yet had a proper opportunity to return your thanks ; and that if you quit me thus, I shall have scarcely had time to recollect the name of my deliverer—and that name I would fain remember.

Alfred. I thank you, Madam ; for my mind was full of the sorrowful idea, that accident often throws us in the way of an individual whose acquaintance we have scarcely had time to make, when we are separated without even a hope of meeting again.

Madame de Gaston. Did you belong to the old court of Charles the Tenth ?

Alfred. Wherefore that question, Madam ?

Madame de Gaston. Because your gallantry savours of the Faubourg Saint Germain.

Alfred. You are right, Madam ; I am the Baron D'Alvimar. I enjoyed, under the dethroned monarch, a certain distinction ; and I obtained for my services a title and a pension.

Madame de Gaston. And the fall of the Bourbons lost you all this ?

Alfred. I am not yet aware of the extent of my embarrassments : but I assure you that I tremble.

Madame de Gaston. You have only exiled yourself then, as it were, since the Revolution ?

Alfred. No, Madam. Some time previous to its arrival, I foresaw the fatal catastrophe. Vainly I expostulated with our ministers ; vainly I endeavoured to point out that they were not employing political measures suitable to the ideas of the people. So often did I repeat these arguments, that one day my frankness was reproached, and a timely hint made me aware of the disgrace it would procure for me. This was easily comprehended. I quitted Paris immediately, deploring the blindness of those to whom I owed every thing. My prediction was speedily verified ; and even here I heard the din of a fallen throne, and the great cry of joy and of liberty which issued from the people.

Madame de Gaston. Well, Sir, now that reformation will remodel the government, what should hinder you from attaching yourself to

the new dynasty? The ancient government, by its ingratitude, has become unworthy of your remembrance; those who were in disgrace yesterday are in favour to-day; and supposing that you require means for a reconciliation with the cause of liberty, I would charge myself to clear the way before you.

Alfred. Ah! Madam—

Madame de Gaston. Whatever I might do for you, consider me still eternally obliged—

Alfred. A thousand thanks, Madam, for that offer, but I cannot accept it; I should tremble, isolated being that I am, and having no family motive to attach me to the court of the new dynasty—I should tremble at every look, dreading to be deemed interested and selfish, instead of acting from conscientious motives.

Madame de Gaston. Marry, then; you will soon have a tender tie to reconcile you to all you now imagine disagreeable. Once married, you would not solicit a place—you would accept it.

Alfred. On this head I have well reflected, Madam; but what probability is there that any family would condescend to receive me whose fortunes are dubious, and whose resources were dried up by the heat of the Revolution?

Madame de Gaston. Whether you have framed erroneous notions of the world, or whether you yourself—but (*laughing*) shall I find you a wife? And if you be not too particular—

Alfred. From your hand, Madam, I would receive her blindfold. But Angèle (*attentively examining the features of Madame de Gaston*)—does she not return with you to Paris?

Madame de Gaston. No; her health requires care and attention; the balls, the *soirées*, the hot rooms, and the late hours, would kill her.

Alfred. But, Madam, you, who ere now advised me to marry, do you not think of choosing a husband for Angèle?

Madame de Gaston. Angèle! she is a child!

Alfred. She has numbered sixteen years; and you, Madam, must have been married still earlier.

Madame de Gaston. That is true; but listen. You have given me your confidence; I will give you mine. The manner in which we became acquainted, your service to me, my gratitude, and other collateral circumstances, have established between us, in the space of an hour—I know not what to say, our language is so deficient in synonyms—that intimacy, that confidence—which shall I call it?—which is usually the result of a longer acquaintance. I am going to tell you, then, my projects, as I would tell them to an old friend. I was married to General Gaston during the short period that intervened between the secession of Napoleon to Elba and his return. Napoleon, you know, was a military god; my husband, whose idol he was, immediately joined him when he again appeared in France. The general was killed at Waterloo. His death drove me into a quiet retreat; and there I gave birth to a child, who never saw its father. That child is Angèle. I was sixteen years old the day she was born. Although I had scarcely tasted the blandishments of life, I devoted myself with maternal solicitude to my child. The dis-

grace in which my husband's name was involved at court, prevented me from hoping for any other enjoyment, while my fortune was still inadequate to supply luxuries for myself and daughter. It was then that my Aunt Angélique took care of Angèle, and separated us until now, a period of fifteen years.

* * * * *

Therefore if I were to marry my child to any one before I had chosen another partner for life, I should give to my son-in-law a certain right over me, and an authority in my house; and he would say to his wife, if I desired to change my situation, "Why, your mother is silly; she will soon be a grandmamma, and she marries again!" And, in saying this, he would not be far wrong. Angèle is sixteen years old—she can wait a year or two; but I—I have completed thirty-one: is it not more reasonable that I should first ensure my own happiness—my own position, in fine—and that I employ my little influence at court in favour of the individual who will accept that influence as a dowry? I am certain to procure for my husband, or for him that is about to be, all that I choose to ask; and perhaps, in return, I might meet that happiness, arising from gratitude, which I could not reasonably anticipate from love.

Alfred (aside). Ah!

The reader may imagine the consequences of the above familiar confessions of Madame de Gaston; whose character is admirably delineated and pictured by her own mouth, and whose apparent levity is so strikingly the prominent feature of a French lady of *haut ton*. Alfred d'Alvimar is resolved to attach himself to Madame de Gaston, and to resign his pretensions to the hand of Angèle. He accordingly accompanies the widow to Paris, and leaves the wretched Angèle behind, a prey to all the horrors contingent to her forlorn, hopeless, and pitiable situation.

More than eight months have passed since the departure of the faithless Alfred d'Alvimar from the peaceful dwelling at Cotterets, where he left behind him a heart filled with bitterness and grief. We now find him and Madame de Gaston about to give a grand ball to their acquaintances at Paris, and to announce the approximating period for the celebration of their nuptials. Madame de Gaston has made interest with the mistress of the prime minister, and has procured for her intended husband a diplomatic appointment, the ratification of which Madame de Varcy (the minister's mistress) is to present him with at the ball. Alfred has never seen Madame de Varcy; and he is naturally anxious to have an opportunity of thanking the individual who has thus so energetically exerted herself for him, while he is probably a stranger to her.

All is gaiety and mirth in the house of Madame de Gaston; and while Alfred d'Alvimar is anxiously waiting for the arrival of the minister's mistress, Madame de Varcy, he is not the less anxious on another affair—the one nearest and dearest to all his interests. That evening Madame de Gaston has promised to announce their approaching nuptials to the fashionable visitors who

are to be present at the ball. But ere many people be yet arrived, an unexpected circumstance entirely disarranges her various plans. A person desires to speak with her in an antechamber, adjoining which is a bed-room—that person is Angèle!

Angèle. My dear mother!

Madame de Gaston. Angèle! you here!

Angèle (throwing herself into her mother's arms). My mother! my dear mother! you love me, do you not?

Madame de Gaston. Wherefore that question, dear child? do you doubt my affection? But what annoys you? Why this sudden return—and that mourning? (*Angèle is in mourning.*)

Angèle. Poor Aunt Angélique!

Madame de Gaston. Oh! my God!

Angèle. She died suddenly; no one anticipated it. Dear mother, do you hear me?

Madame de Gaston. Yes; poor aunt!

Angèle. Then I was all alone, and in bad health; and I thought that if any evil happened to me, I might die far away from my mother—and I would not die except in her arms!

Madame de Gaston. What an idea, Angèle!

Angèle. Oh! you know not what I have suffered!

Madame de Gaston. You are indeed altered.

Angèle. Yes; I hesitated to return home to you, fearful that you might be angry; but I said to myself, "My mother loves me!"—Is it not true, dear mother, that you love me?

Madame de Gaston. Yes, dear child.

Angèle. And you will pardon me for having returned thus suddenly? for I could not dwell longer in that old mansion at Cotterets; I should have died—Oh! I should have died!

Madame de Gaston. Well, well, dear Angèle; but calm yourself.

Angèle (regarding her mother with attention). You are elegantly dressed—you are dressed for a *soirée*.

Madame de Gaston. This happens very inconveniently. What is to be done? One cannot close one's doors against—

Angèle. Ah! you are going to give a ball?

Madame de Gaston. Yes; but if M. d'Alvimar were here, he would be able to tell us what is to be done.

Angèle. Is he not in Paris?

Madame de Gaston. Oh! yes—he is here; in a moment you will see him.

Angèle. Ah!

Madame de Gaston. Heavens! are you ill; wherefore turn so pale?

Angèle. Oh! 'tis nothing.

Madame de Gaston. What shall we do? Troublesome ball!

Angèle. There is no alternative—you must give it.

Madame de Gaston. Will you be present?

Angèle. Oh! no, dear mother, I could not. Fatigued—ill as I am—Oh! do not ask me, I implore you. My little room is vacant?

Madame de Gaston. Yes—it was prepared for your reception; I

should have written to you in a few days, recommending your return. M. d'Alvimar and I were speaking of you only ten minutes before your arrival ; and we were arranging a little plan relative to you—

Angèle. Relative to me ?

Madame de Gaston. Yes.

Angèle. Oh ! how kind you are to think of me, dear mother ! (*The front-door bell rings.*) Ah ! here are visitors—here are some of the company already arrived ; I shall hasten to retire.

Madame de Gaston (*opening the door of the bed-room adjoining*). There, dear Angèle, there is your room.

Angèle, attended by her confidante, Louise, retires to her chamber ; and in the mean time, Alfred d'Alvimar has heard the unwelcome tidings that Henri Muller is in Paris, and will be at the ball that very night. While he is still ruminating on this unpleasant news, a servant announces the entrance of Madame de Varcy. Alfred hastens to greet and welcome her ; and in the minister's mistress recognises Ernestine, the lady whom he had formerly passed off as his sister, and who had left him at Cotterets.

Madame de Varcy, for such was the name Ernestine had adopted, presents her former lover with the *brevet* of his commission as ambassador plenipotentiary to a foreign court. He opens it, and finds the date of his departure fixed at three days from that moment. He expostulates, but vainly ; Madame de Varcy had purposely and maliciously conducted this arrangement by means of her influence with the minister. Alfred refuses to accept the post—and returns the *brevet*. Madame de Varcy mingles with the gay crowd in the ball-room ; and Madame de Gaston encounters Alfred as opportunely as she could desire ; for she had news of vast import to communicate to his ear.

Madame de Gaston. But wherefore are you thus agitated ?

Alfred. You must announce our projected marriage this very evening, and publicly too.

Madame de Gaston. To-night ! On account of this very circumstance I have now sought you in this antechamber. It is impossible !

Alfred. And wherefore ?

Madame de Gaston. Angèle is here !

Alfred. Angèle !

Madame de Gaston. The moment you left me ere now—

Alfred. Angèle is here !

Madame de Gaston. In that very room (*she points to the bed-room adjoining*).

Alfred. Ah !

Madame de Gaston. And you are well aware that it is impossible to announce an intended marriage of which my child is ignorant, and which, to speak frankly, I scarcely know how to break to her.

Alfred. You are right—it is impossible—entirely impossible—you are indeed right.

Madame de Gaston. We will procrastinate it for a few days—we can do no more.

Alfred. Yes—yes—two or three days—that is all.

Madame de Gaston. Oh! how happy I am that your views meet mine.

Madame de Gaston is summoned by a gentleman, to whom her hand is engaged for the next dance, and Alfred remains alone in the antechamber to ruminate upon the difficulties which the presence of Angèle and Henri Muller has occasioned. While he is in the midst of his infelicitous reflections, the door of Angèle's room opens—Louise, her confidante, issues forth, and presents a letter to d'Alvimar. He tears it open—he reads it with horror—and an exclamation of "Impossible!" escapes his lips. Louise assures him of the truth of the letter's contents. He hesitates—Louise conjures him to decide—he rushes into Angèle's room, followed by the confidante, as Henry Muller enters the antechamber he has just left, by the door communicating with the ball-room. We will again continue the narrative by quoting from the piece; and, if our readers have any idea of dramatic energy and effect, they will not fail to admire the next scene.

Henri Muller (alone). Oh! how I suffer! The air, heated by the wax-candles, and tainted by the odours of flowers, suffocates me; that noise—those shouts of merriment—that din of glee distracts my brain; here, only, can I breathe with facility. (*He throws his hat upon the sofa, and seats himself.*) Oh! I ought not to have ventured hither—but I expected to hear some news of Angèle, and yet I have not dared to utter her name in the presence of her mother, fearful that my emotions would betray me. Oh! how happy appears that gay circle of fashion! A ball is indeed a scene of pleasure to those who can enjoy it.

[*Alfred d'Alvimar rushes, pale and agitated, from the chamber of Angèle.*]

Alfred. What is to be done? What will become of her? Where can I find the individual I require at this instant—at this hour?

Henri (rising). Monsieur d'Alvimar.

Alfred. Henri Muller (*A sudden idea strikes him*). Yes, there is no other means—no alternative.

Henri. What ails you?

Alfred (running towards him and grasping his hands). Sir, you are a man of honour, and know what honour is; you must therefore assist me to save that of a female—of a lady.

Henri. How, Sir? Explain yourself.

Alfred. Sir, you are a surgeon, and, in that capacity, you must have not unfrequently received applications similar to the one I am about to make; promise me to accord my petition. Oh! promise me!

Henri. If it be not inconsistent with my duties as a surgeon—if it do not compromise my peculiar safety—

Alfred. That which I request of you, is not inconsistent with your duty as a medical man—neither does it compromise your personal security.

Henri. Speak, then.

Alfred. So far from hence that there is not a moment to be lost, a young girl—a young lady of high family—a young female, whose dishonour would redound to all her relatives—a young girl is about to become a mother!

Henri. I comprehend your purpose.

Alfred. You are willing—

Henri. I am ready to follow you.

Alfred. But listen—this is not all—

Henri. Speak.

Alfred. This young lady may meet you in after life—

Henri. Such a secret is sacred, Sir; I should not recognise her.

Alfred. But she would recognise you, and she would die with shame, Sir. Listen! and do not perform this essential service by halves. Permit—

Henri. What?

Alfred. Permit me to bandage your eyes, and that I may conduct you, thus blindfolded, to her chamber.

Henri. I understand you.

Alfred. And you consent?

Henri. I should have proposed the same to you.

Alfred (aside). How fortunate!

Henri (taking his hat). I am ready.

Alfred. Descend the staircase, Sir, and wait for me at the corner of the street, in a carriage which you may hire; I will speedily re-join you.

[*Henri Muller leaves the antechamber.*]

Alfred. Louise!

Louise. Sir.

Alfred. In a quarter of an hour I shall return. Re-assure your mistress all will yet be well.

Louise. Hasten, Sir, for the love of God!

Alfred. I will.

[*Louise enters Angèle's chamber. Alfred, who turns to depart, encounters Ernestine.*]

Ernestine. Have you reflected on my proposition, Sir?

Alfred. Yes.

Ernestine. And your decision?

Alfred. Send me my *brevet* to-morrow.

Ernestine. And in three days—

Alfred. I shall be on my journey.

[*They separate.*]

By this time the ball is over; the company have departed; the lights are about to be extinguished; and Madame de Gaston hastens to the chamber of Angèle, to embrace her daughter ere she retires for the night. She, however, finds the door made fast, and naturally concludes that her daughter sleeps. She makes ample allowance for the fatigue of Angèle, and does not persist in endeavouring to disturb her by so late an entrance. Louise, at this moment, issues from the room; and, by confirming the suspicion of Madame de Gaston that Angèle sleeps, succeeds in preventing her from going into the chamber.

Madame de Gaston. Yes, yes, you are right, Louise; she must be weary, after her tedious journey, poor child. Tell her that I came; and that I thought of her a thousand times during the evening. Let her remain in bed to-morrow, and I will come and see her early.

[*Madame de Gaston retires; the lights are put out; and the stage is involved in obscurity. Louise closes the door through which Madame de Gaston disappeared, and remains alone in the antechamber.*]

Louise. Oh! how I tremble. Will they come to-night? Great God! have pity on my poor mistress! (*A knocking is heard at the window.*) They come! they come! Thank heaven! they come! (*Going to the window.*) 'Tis he! (*She opens it hastily.*) Oh! Sir, you are come at length!

Alfred. Silence! (*To Henri Muller, who follows.*) We are here, Sir; this is the house. (*Alfred enters by the window, assisting Henri Muller, whose eyes are blindfolded, to mount the ladder outside after him.*) Take care; be cautious. (*At the moment Henri is safe in the antechamber, Alfred addresses him.*) You gave me your word of honour never to seek to recognise—

Henri. I renew my promise.

Alfred (to Louise). There is no light in the bed-room?

Louise. None.

Alfred (leading Henri into Angèle's chamber). Follow me!

Since this eventful era, some days must be supposed to have passed away; and Madame de Gaston, at length alarmed for the health of her daughter, sends Henri Muller to visit her in his capacity of surgeon. The discovery Henry now makes, probably forms the finest scene in the whole piece; and as we desire to place the merits of the author as frequently as possible in their best light, we shall as heretofore continue the tale for a short time by extracts from the play.

[*Angèle's apartment. Henri Muller approaches with gentle steps the long sofa on which Angèle reclines. Angèle hides her face with her hands. Henri gazes upon her for a moment, his arms folded, and then addresses her.*]

Henri. Miss Angèle—Miss Angèle!

Angèle (raising her head, and looking around her). And my mother, where is she?

Henri. She has gone out for a moment.

Angèle. Oh!

Henri. I thought you would have experienced a greater pleasure than you appear to do, in seeing an old friend.

Angèle. Pardon my indifference—but—

Henri (seating himself by her side). Will you give me your hand?

Angèle. My hand!

Henri. As a surgeon, I request it.

Angèle. And as a friend I give it to you.

Henri. It is very hot, and burning—you are feverish.

Angèle (withdrawing her hand). Good God! if he were to detect—

Henri. What ails you? Speak, Angèle.

Angèle. Nothing ails me.

Henri. That is impossible; you suffer—you must have suffered greatly; for you are pale and altered.

Angèle. Do not regard me thus, M. Muller—you do me harm—you inflict a deep wound—

Henri. My God! what harm could I do to you? what wound inflict upon you?

Angèle. Grief for the death of my aunt—the fatigues of my long journey—and nothing else—have made me ill; in a few days I shall be well.

Henri. And when did you arrive?

Angèle. Four days ago—the night of the ball.

Henri. M. d'Alvimar assured me it was the morning after.

Angèle. He made a mistake, doubtless; for I saw him a few moments after I descended from the carriage which brought me hither.

Henri. And wherefore did you not appear for an instant in the ball-room?

Angèle. I was in mourning—I was wearied—

Henri. Where were you during the ball?

Angèle. In this room.

Henri. In this room?

Angèle. Yes, it is mine own.

Henri (struck with a sudden idea). I remember, *Angèle*—yes—I saw Alfred d'Alvimar, pale—agitated—issue from this room—at the moment when—*(he looks attentively at Angèle, rises from his chair, starts back, and cries, in an emphatic tone)* It is impossible!

Angèle. What—what is impossible?

Henri (gazing anxiously around him). My God! my God!

Angèle (seeing him rush towards the door). What is he doing?

Henri (opening the door). Yes—here is the window on the ground floor—there is the entrance—this is a piece of furniture against which I dashed my foot. *(Going straight up to Angèle, who is astounded.)* *Angèle, Angèle, answer me, as you would reply to your God.*

Angèle. Speak—speak—oh! keep me not in suspense.

Henri. *Angèle*—the night of the ball—

Angèle (repeating his words mechanically). The night of the ball—

Henri. A man conducted by Alfred d'Alvimar—

Angèle. Well—well—

Henri. His eyes blindfolded—

Angèle. Stop—stop—

Henri. Came into your room—

Angèle. And how do you know it?

Henri. It was I!

Angèle (throwing herself on the floor, her head downwards). My God! my God! Oh! kill me!

Henri (extending his arms). Oh! oh!

Angèle (raising her head gently, and looking at Muller; then suddenly rising altogether). And my child, Sir—what have you done with my child?

Henri. What do you say—I scarcely comprehend you—what do you say?

Angèle. My son! my son! they told me that it was a son, and that the surgeon had taken it away! Oh! what is become of it—you do not answer me.

Henri. He lives.

This consolatory information essentially cheers the spirits of the unhappy Angèle, who in one short year passed through every excess of misery—of shame—of humiliation—and despair. Oh! what an excellent moral is afforded by this drama, not to those who have sinned, but to those who deem themselves strong in virtue's ways, and incapable of sinning as Angèle sinned.

Henri Muller promises that she shall see her child; and while he resolves that Madame de Gaston must be informed of d'Alvimar's treachery and a daughter's shame, he is nevertheless comforted by the assurance of Angèle, that Alfred has sworn to espouse, and repair the flagrant wrong he has done her. Henri now leaves the unfortunate victim of a villain's treachery, and hastens to send Madame de Gaston to receive the confession of a penitent girl. The dialogue that contains the fatal development is not less interesting, though probably less dramatic, than the former one ere now quoted.

Madame de Gaston. What can this secret be?

Angèle (reposing her head upon her mother's knees). Oh! my mother!

Madame de Gaston. There—I now see thee, Angèle, as thou wast wont to be when young, and when, fatigued with playing all day, thou didst sleep with thine head upon my knees. And then I was entrusted with thy little secrets, and thine ideas were mine; and I was not obliged to seek into the depths of thy soul to extract them, for they flowed spontaneously, innocence being their source; and as thy sentiments partly lingered upon thy rosy lips—Oh, Angèle! have I made thee weep—and pale? Some grief—some internal pain—a disappointed love, perhaps?

Angèle. Yes! yes!

Madame de Gaston. Well, then, to whom wouldst thou speak of thy love, if it were not to thy mother? Let us see—tell me all thy tale. Thou canst not love an individual unworthy of thee?

Angèle. I dare not.

Madame de Gaston. Speak—I have also a secret to tell thee!

Angèle. You!

Madame de Gaston. Yes. I will begin, and then you will tell me all.

Angèle. Oh! how kind you are!

Madame de Gaston. You are sensible—one may confide any thing to you; and then you may assist me with your advice.

Angèle. Ah! you laugh at me, mamma.

Madame de Gaston. Well—and now in my turn, I am almost as much embarrassed as you. Angèle, I am going to be married.

Angèle (throwing herself upon her mother's neck). You, my mother!

Madame de Gaston. Yes, I am foolish enough, *Angèle*; but I shall not love thee less, my child, not neglect thine happiness the more on that account. Your father-in-law will love and protect you.

Angèle. You do well—you are right.

Madame de Gaston. You approve of my plan?

Angèle. Oh, my dear parent! have I the right to approve or disapprove?

Madame de Gaston. Well, then, now you need not be afraid to speak.

Angèle. Oh! I—

Madame de Gaston. It must be something dreadful indeed, *Angèle*, that thus prevents you from speaking before me.

Angèle. Indeed it is dreadful, dear mother!

Madame de Gaston. You terrify me, *Angèle*; seriously, you disquiet me; what have you to fear in your mother?

Angèle. Oh, my kind parent! If I had my child here I would place him at your feet, and then you would pardon me!

Madame de Gaston. Unhappy girl! what is it you say?

Angèle. I say, my mother, pardon!—pardon!—Oh! pardon!

Madame de Gaston. Proceed.

Angèle. I say, moreover, that a man came—I did not know myself, dear mother—I was with my aunt—

Madame de Gaston. Oh!

Angèle. Poor aunt! it was not her fault, dear mother. I loved that man. You were not on the spot, I was without advice, without support—

Madame de Gaston. Oh! oh!

Angèle. Yes, my mother—and now you will not forgive me.

Madame de Gaston (rising). Dear child, I will forgive you. Oh! I will forgive—pardon—forget your fault. And yet, all this is my fault! for if I had watched you, if I had done my duty as a parent ought—but tell me—at least I should know this man's name.

Angèle. Oh! you were right when you deemed him worthy of me by birth and social position.

Madame de Gaston. His name—his name—

Angèle. You know it already—he is a friend of your's.

Madame de Gaston. His name.

Angèle. Alfred d'Alvimar.

Madame de Gaston (falling upon her knees). Oh! now it is for you to pardon me!

Angèle. How?

Madame de Gaston. Alfred d'Alvimar!

Angèle. Yes!

Madame de Gaston. He was to have been my husband!

Angèle (astonished). That man loves you, mamma?

Madame de Gaston. He has told me so.

Angèle (falling upon the sofa). My God! my God! have pity upon us!

A few days have elapsed since a mother and daughter thus made

a terrible discovery; and Alfred d'Alvimar's bosom is somewhat touched with remorse on account of all the injuries he has so wantonly inflicted upon Angèle. But his better feelings relapse into his usual selfishness, when a note from Madame de Varcy, accompanying the *brevet* of his appointment, is put into his hands. That letter informs him of certain ministerial changes, which increase the power of Madame de Varcy, and totally annihilate the little influence of Madame de Gaston. He therefore signifies to the minister's mistress his intention of an immediate departure. But he encounters Madame de Gaston in an unlucky moment, and is obliged to listen to the supplications she uses to urge him to repair the dishonour of her daughter. All the energy and emphasis of language, which grief and despair give force to, are for some time poured forth in vain; and the wretched mother fruitlessly reproaches herself as the giddy and indirect cause of all Angèle's miseries. At length the selfish soul of d'Alvimar begins to soften—his heart smites him when he sees Madame de Gaston on her knees at his feet—he cannot reject that last humiliation of a parent vituperating herself for her child's ruin. Overcome by means of that parent's solicitude—and yielding to the power of persuasive appeal, he declares his intention of repairing the wrongs he has been guilty of towards Angèle, and desires Madame de Gaston to hasten to her notary, and bring him thither to draw up the marriage contract. Madame de Gaston does as he commands her; and, during her absence, Alfred's good resolutions vanish. He orders his domestic to fetch a vehicle to the door, and in the mean time hurries to another apartment to make a few preparations he has hitherto forgotten. The following scene will now continue the tale.

[*Henri Muller enters the apartment which Alfred d'Alvimar has just left; he is pale and agitated.*]

Henri. The wretch! (*He locks the door at the bottom of the room, and puts the key in his pocket. He then seats himself at a table, where there are writing materials, and traces a few lines on a piece of paper.*) It only remains to be decided between us two.

[*Alfred d'Alvimar rushes into the room, from a side-door, and endeavours to open the one at the bottom; he shakes it violently, finds it is locked, and, in turning round, he notices Henri Muller.*]

Alfred. Ah! 'Tis well—name your weapons, Sir!

Henri. Indeed! then you guess the object of my presence here?

Alfred. Yes—I guess it—and I thank you. My dispute is with a man now; I was tired of warring upon women; and I would rather it should be you than another, for I am wearied of your importunities, and you are equally disgusted with me; and haply I am wearied of existence as I am of your presence. Therefore kill me, or let me kill you, it matters but little; for if I be not rid of you, I shall be of life. But hasten—hasten, Sir, I pray you.

Henri. Oh! it is not I that will cause unnecessary delay.

Alfred. Which, then, are you weapons?—name them quickly. As for me, I have no choice. Does the sword suit you?

Henri. Ah! Sir, you see that I am feeble—that my hand would

wield the sword with difficulty—that you would disarm me at the first blow—that I should be at your mercy—then you might be generous—and you might accord me my life—and—

Alfred. Oh! no, no; on that score be not afraid.

Henri. Then you would assassinate me?

Alfred. Well, well. Choose pistols, Sir, at fifteen paces—each to load and fire till one falls, even though it be ten times.

Henri. You would still have too great an advantage over me, Sir, for my sight is feeble, and my hand trembles. I will not stand before you as a victim, but as an enemy.

Alfred. Name your own conditions, for the love of God; place the combat on a fair level, if it be possible; and anything you propose, I will accept. Yes—yes—provided we fight this minute.

Henri. I thank you. These are my conditions. Of two pistols, let one be charged—let us stand face to face, and foot to foot—fire at the same instant—and thus one of us must fall. In this case the advantages of strength and skill become void; and the judgment of God will alone decide our fates. And take care, Sir, for God is just.

Alfred (impatiently). Enough—enough. But where shall we find seconds who will permit such a duel?

Henri. We do not want them.

Alfred. And the charge of murder—

Henri (drawing from his pocket the scrap of paper he had ere now traced a few lines on). This will prove the contrary.

Alfred (reading). "Wearied of existence, I have been compelled to commit suicide. Let none be accused of my assassination."

Henri. If I fall, Sir, that paper will be found upon me.

Alfred (taking a pen, writes a similar sentence on a piece of paper, and puts it in his pocket). 'Tis well. Now to the Bois de Boulogne.

Henri. It's not necessary. The garden is at hand.

Alfred. Will you accept one of my pistols?

Henri. Certainly.

Alfred. I will fetch them.

Henri (stopping Alfred). A moment, Sir; your chamber has two doors.

Alfred (glancing an angry look at Henri Muller). Had that chamber, Sir, the hundred gates of Thebes, I pledge you my word of honour that I would alone make use of this single door of communication.

Henri. I shall wait for you here.

[*Alfred goes into the next room.*]

Henri. O God! it is not life that I demand of you—it is not an extra sorry hour of existence that I require—this you know! But before I die, make me the instrument of your vengeance, and I will bless your name!

[*Enter Angèle.*]

Angèle. Henri! you there?

Henri. Angèle!

Angèle. My mother told me to join you here; she has this mo-

ment come in, accompanied by the notary. Good God! all is then decided!

Henri. Poor child!

Angèle. Thus it is to you, M. Muller, that I am indebted for being a happy mother, if I be not a happy wife.

Henri. If you be not a happy wife, Angèle? This marriage, were it accomplished,—would it not have realized your felicity?

Angèle. My felicity! Ah, no—happiness was the guardian of my younger years—now it has flown with those years.

Henri. Still, Angèle, there is happiness in love.

Angèle. And you think that Alfred loves me?

Henri. You love him—yourself—

Angèle. Henry, if the dishonour of my fault had alone appertained to me—if, in its effects, it had not redounded to my mother and child—

Henri. Proceed.

Angèle. I swear to you, my friend, that I would prefer dishonour—aye, death—to becoming the wife of that man.

Henri. What do you say, Angèle?

Angèle. I say that I have only one moment when I can weep—I have but one friend to whom I can confide all my sorrow—that moment is this—that friend is you. Oh! now my tears suffocate me, Henri—Oh! let me weep!

Henri. Yes—weep, Angèle—weep—

Angèle. Oh! what future evils any connexion with that man seems to prognosticate—if one may judge by the past.

Henri. Yet you have loved him—you, so pure, so chaste, so candid. And no voice from on high whispered caution in your ear—no heavenly hand withdrew the veil from your eyes—when that demon approached you.

Angèle.—Ah! yes—yes—do not question the goodness of the Almighty: it was fascination—it was not love!

Henri. You, Angèle—you say those words—you have not loved him! Oh! this cannot be!

Angèle. To-day only have I correctly examined the secret of my heart: since my mother made a fatal revelation—

Henri. What revelation? what secret?

Angèle. Ah! you will never know it, Henri—for the secret is not mine. I said, that since that secret was told me, a cloud has been dissipated from my eyes. My misfortune was a result of a charm, a fascination, a surprise: but I repeat to you—Oh! I repeat with sincerity—that I never loved him—and I am proud of it.

Henri. My God! my God! am I then so wretched? Am I so persecuted?

Angèle. You, Henri!

Henri (*falling upon a chair*). Oh! for a single hour of her love! My God! you may at least grant me that! Is an hour of happiness too much in my wretched life? And I should have died so happily, if she had only once said, "Henri, I love thee!" For I have loved you, Angèle; oh, how I have loved you with passion, with fervour, with delirium—and I have concealed that love in my bosom—and I

have suffered my heart to be devoured with it! Ah, Angèle—Angèle—(*He weeps*).

Angèle. You forget that I am about to become the wife of Alfred d'Alvimar.

Henri. Oh! no—if Heaven be just, that cannot take place.

Angèle. How?

Alfred (entering the room). I am ready, Sir.

Henri. You have been a long time—too long—too long for me.

Alfred. My pistols were charged: I was obliged to draw one of them.

Henri. You yourself?

Alfred. You will choose.

Henri (withdrawing). 'Tis well.

Angèle. Whither are you going?

Henri. Put up a prayer to the Almighty.

Angèle. For whom?

Henri. For yourself.—I am prepared, Sir.

With these words Alfred d'Alvimar and Henri Muller leave the apartment together, as Madame de Gaston and a notary enter it. The notary seats himself at a table, and commences the marriage contract. Some conversation takes place between Angèle and her mother, which is suddenly interrupted by the report of a pistol. The two unfortunate females utter ejaculations of horror, and rush to the table where the notary is seated. Presently Henri Muller enters the room, pale, weak, and feeble. The notary demands the name of the husband—and Henri Muller, hitherto unperceived, declares that he himself is the intended husband of Angèle, and that he acknowledges her child as his own. It were useless to describe the astonishment of Angèle and her mother at this unprecedented instance of generosity; and a lament on the part of Henri, that his pulmonary complaint should be making such fatal ravages as to prevent him from long enjoying the society of his bride, concludes the piece.

THE BONNIE LASSIE.

O! MET ye Mary in the glen?

Then hae ye seen our dearest lassie,

And little care I wha may ken

To me she's the sincerest lassie.

Her cheek o' bloom and e'e o' light—

Was e'er the like in onie lassie?

By a' that charms the soul and sight,

My Mary is a bonnie Lassie!

Sae sweet as summer's morning smile,

As gentle as its eve, my lassie;

And friends may frown, and wealth may wile,

But never make me leave my Lassie.

By ilka grace o' mien and mind

That e'er exalted onie Lassie,

O! she's the wale o' womankind,

My Mary Love, my bonnie Lassie!

MATT MICAIAH.

MANNERS AND DOINGS OF THE WORTHY INHABITANTS OF GLASGOW.

BY AN OBSERVER.

.....quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui.

ÆNEID.

BY the aid of a britzka, a pair of fast-going steeds like that upon which rode William of Deloraine, a well-lined purse, and good roads, and in the society of a charming friend—albeit of the male sex, for his charms principally lay in his conversational powers, long hair, strange conceits, and out-and-out hat—I accomplished in a convenient time the distance that intervenes between the metropolis of England and the fair town of Glasgow. Numerous halts, of course, and numerous adventures during those halts, occupied the most interesting moments of the journey; and then the remarks of my especially amusing friend, Ticklewit, were amazingly welcome. He is in sooth a clever dog: the letters he writes to his brother-in-law, the lawyer, when he wants money, are elegant specimens of correct composition and original appeal to sympathy and feeling. Whether they as invariably meet with the desirable reply, this deponent sayeth not.

On our arrival at Glasgow, we first hastened to Mr. Griffin's Library, and purchased the last number of the *Old Monthly Magazine* and *Pickwick Abroad*, with which we just managed to wile away an hour or so till dinner-time. That important hour arrived and passed; and in the evening we went to an agreeable *soirée* at the house of Ticklewit's cousin, where we were introduced to several officers of the —th Dragoons, who were come from Edinburgh on a small excursion and the top of a coach at the same time, inasmuch as a Highland ball was to be given on the following evening.

Slap-up fellows these officers were too: such anecdotes—such deeds to recite—such breaches as they had stormed—such conquests as they had made—such combats dared! Their anecdotes were all connected with the mess-table—the deeds bore reference to the turf and the last steeple-chase—the breaches, the conquests, and the combats were episodes in their warfare against the hearts of the fair sex! Were they not gallant fellows, then? for gallantry is the proper word, whether we fight under the blood-stained banner of Mars, or the silken standard of Venus. The oriflam of the one, and the graceful streamer of the other, alike incite us to exploits whose memory shall never die, so long as historians and braggadocios exist!

Having succeeded in discounting a small bill, in praiseworthy imitation of Mr. Adolphus Crashem, my friend Ticklewit was in high feather; and his repeated sallies not a little secured the enviable

affections of the officers, who listened to the anecdotes about tailors, jewellers, &c., which completely won their hearts. So the evening passed away very pleasantly, and on the following morning I received a ticket for the Highland ball—but Ticklewit did not.

George III. thought it most extraordinary that the Americans did not relish his lenient and fatherly sway; and Ticklewit was equally surprised at this neglect on the part of the committee; so that, despite of his checked neckerchief, flowery waistcoat, and green cut-away coat, he looked exceedingly blue. Presently some of the officers called upon us; and when our dilemma was known, it was unanimously agreed to pass my friend Ticklewit into the ball-room without a ticket. Two or three Scotch beauties passing by the window at the time, the conversation changed to them, and immediately after to several dozens of oysters and some bottled stout which were spread on the table by way of lunch. I ate an oyster, drank a quarter of a glass of stout, and again took my station at the window, with my eye-glass applied to my left optic, although I am by no means near-sighted. But one wears an eye-glass for the same reason that Lord Palmerston wears stays, and that Lord Durham makes his staff dine at a separate table;—viz., to increase one's looks or importance, it does not matter which. My eye-glass cannot offend—Lord Palmerston will never win a single heart by his thin waist—and Lord Durham, with an affectation of liberal opinions, only disgusts us by his insufferable pride and ridiculous *hauteur*.

The eventful evening came, so did the carriage to take us to the ball, and the officers who were to accompany us. Our enterprise was rather a dangerous one; but we surrounded our uninvited friend like soldiers circumventing their prudent general; and as he is especially little, and we were all as especially gigantic, great hopes were entertained of eventual success. This was the first smuggling expedition in which I was ever engaged: but fortune appeared to favour us; for on our arrival at the ball-room, and just as we were ascending the stairs in close order, one of the committee met us, and, on our representations, immediately provided us with a ticket for our friend. We therefore abandoned our style of march, and entered the ball-room by detachments.

Heavens! what a scene was there! The Highlanders, with their naked legs—for even their wives did not wear the breeches for them—were capering about like mad-men, making the most grotesque grimaces, involving their bodies in highly dangerous contortions, and producing a general effect that might have been deemed airy and graceful, had it not somewhat savoured of the barbarous and ludicrous. But *de gustibus non est disputandum*, so that most stolid of all scribblers, Nimrod, would say; for his *mania* of quoting Latin, and that not unfrequently *mal-apropos*, is exciting to a degree.*

* "The same disposition to spinning is somewhat too visible in Nimrod's 'Anatomy of Gaming,' and along with it much of that vain show of scholarship which the contributors to our magazines latterly affect. There is a passage ostentatiously *lugged in* from Xenophon, which we shrewdly suspect to be the quotation of a quotation, since our sportsman *does not even hint* at the treatise wherein it is found, and besides puts forward in so mangled a condition, that we suspect he found it in that state, and knew not how to cure it. However, we will enable him, when he next desires to sport his erudition, to give an exact reference, and a corrected text: *ἔπον ἔν γ'ς, διδόναι καρπού*

Very quietly we were gazing on these Terpsichorian exhibitions, when a gentleman hastily stepped up to our friend Ticklewit, and accused him of having clandestinely entered the ball-room. He moreover insinuated that "this rude conduct was nothing more than what he should have expected from the officers of the —th." Whereupon, with Achillean courage and Herculean magnanimity, Ticklewit handed me his card, which I forthwith conveyed to the dexter extremity of the irate gentleman, who thus voted himself into the truly exalted situation of "Public Accuser:" but the "parallelogram of pasteboard" was as instantly destroyed by the irate aforesaid, and scattered to the breezes of the ball-room.

"Dis-graceful!" cried an old dowager, who was in an ill-humour, because her new set of teeth chattered somewhat awkwardly in her head.

"Ken ye the mon, ony o' ye?" demanded a stout Highlander, brandishing a pair of legs that might have supported the Colossus of Rhodes.

"Pray—pray, do not fight!" shrieked a young lady, who by her universal coquetry and scandal-loving propensities had already caused three duels, of which she made a boast; which was very much to be wondered at, seeing that she wasn't worth fighting for.

"What did you mean by tearing up that card?" said I, in a voice purposely rendered terrible, while Ticklewit cast an anxious glance towards the door, and then at the above-mentioned Highlander's legs.

"Because I chose," was the eminently rational and satisfactory reply; to which I returned a less pleasing response in the shape of a quiet knock over the gentleman's head.

Consternation and alarm pervaded the assembly—*c' était un fracas du diable*. The dowager's teeth all but fell out—the Highlander looked very much inclined to use his legs as cudgels—the young lady hoped that no mischief was intended, and did not know whether to faint or not—and the High Sheriff of the County, who had been disturbed in the midst of a game at whist in an adjoining room, introduced himself and his dignity into the scene of tumult. The gentleman, whom I had attacked, demanded the Sheriff to bind us all over to keep the peace, which he seemed so admirably inclined to preserve himself. To this there was some demur; and we did not hesitate to confess that we had certainly laughed a great deal, on our first entrance into the room, at the extraordinary performances of the *messieurs sans culottes*. Upon this avowal, the offended and offending gentleman volunteered an ample apology; while the dowager called for a glass of negus, the young lady appeared considerably mortified that there was no duel, the Highlander resumed his antics with his *confreres*, the Sheriff returned to his game, the gentleman retired within himself, and we wended our ways back to the hotel to smoke cigars, drink brandy-and-water, and discuss this specimen of the "Manners and Doings of the Worthy Inhabitants of Glasgow."

μὲν ἀφθονίαν δ' ἀφορίαν. (Symph. iv. 55. p. 171. Schneider.) This Nimrod renders very well for his purpose—"to allow him to remain in such places where there was much money, and plenty of simpletons."—SUNDAY TIMES (Review of *Frazer's Magazine*), May 6.

WIVES OF THE CÆSARS.

BY BERTIE AMBROSSE.

*Paulatim deinde ad superos Astræa recessit
Hac comite, atque duæ pariter fugere sorores.—JUV. SAT. 6.*

JUNIA CLAUDILLA—LIVIA ORESTILLA—LOLLIA PAULINA—CÆSONIA—
WIVES OF CAIUS CALIGULA.

WITHOUT an effort of ingenuity, without forsaking the fidelity of the historian, the contrariant traits of Caius Cæsar may be easily explained, admitting the simple supposition of a probable event: that Ennia, on his elevation to the empire, studious to secure his pledged affection, had used the deleterious means adopted by Cæsonia, at a later period of his life; that her unskilful treatment had deranged his faculties, and turned him under such an inauspicious influence from humanity and virtue to ferocity and vice. Such absurd and dangerous experiments were frequent in the era of Caligula. His life may fairly be divided into a short and early course of virtue, and a brief career of unexceptionable wickedness. His presence in the mansion of Tiberius, at an age when the disposition might be shocked by the enormity or captivated by the allurements of debauchery, enabled him to speculate, according to his moral or immoral bent, upon the crimes to which ferocity and sensuality by turns betrayed that obscene and cruel tyrant. Within the scope of his capricious anger, apparent acquiescence was the only course of a dependant, who had all to hope from the favour, and every thing to apprehend from the displeasure, of a fickle, suspicious, and remorseless patron. The caution of Caligula has been severely, but truly termed the consummation of hypocrisy; but dissimulation and ruin were the terms of an alternative, in which the youthful prince preferred the former to the certain fate, which would have followed the repugnance of asserted virtue. In the sensual sty of Caprææ, the hand of the assassin was as ready as the instruments of prostitution; and beneath the reckless despotism of Tiberius, the common laws of instinct and humanity were spurned by the flagitious ministers of the imperial will. Virtue, glory, rank, and innocence had fallen at the mandate of a savage sensualist, in the very centre of refined and civilized, though dissolute society; and in the Roman capital, from which the farthest regions of the earth received the dispensations of respected law, the person of the noblest individual was obnoxious to a single whisper of malignity, and the murderer was irresponsible for his offence against divine and human law in the boasted sanctuary of liberty and reason. Tiberius was charged with the atrocious purpose of rearing for the misery of human nature a more odious and oppressive monster than himself; if such indeed were his design, it manifested a sedate and virulent malignity, a cruel meditation of remote iniquity transcending every other project of his hateful spirit.

In the language of a modern, it was casting deadly poison, not alone into the chalice of a single being, but in the very fountain destined to assuage the public thirst.* Notwithstanding such an education, Caligula emerging from the depth of criminal impurity, evinced in the commencement of his reign the kindest, the most pious and severe of virtues. Reforming the abuses of the state, he chastened the indecency of public morals.† Is it reasonable to suppose that the glory of an orderly and virtuous life was suddenly abandoned for the foul debasement of irregularity and vice; or is it more agreeable to probability to argue that the over, sensitive and feeble temperament of Caligula was ruined by the magic draughts of Ennia or some other desperate practitioner; that physical disease impaired the intellectual powers and caused the incidental madness so apparent in the flagrant acts of his remaining life?‡

Caligula's increasing passion for Cæsonia was marked with palpable insanity. It was frequently his fancy to array her in the military guise; accordingly, on some occasions she appeared in arms, with a refulgent casque, the Cretan buckler, and a purple *chlamys* wrought with golden stars. In this attire, and mounted on a fiery steed, Cæsonia was presented to her legions by Caligula, who rode beside her with the attributes of Pollux, Hercules, or Bacchus. In the hours of his conviviality, with less excusable enthusiasm, he exposed her in a state of nature to his guests;§ and having lavished on her beauty all the praise of burning admiration, he wantonly adverted to the easy power of her destruction. His innate ferocity was barely overpowered by the fiercer passion of his lust; and at the moment of his gazing in a sensual rapture on Cæsonia, he was absolutely tampering with the solicitations of his cruelty; so slender was the thread which staid his anxious hand, so very trivial was the fitful prevalence of his infatuation above his natural propensity to bloodshed. He was wont to say when looking on Cæsonia's charms, "One word of mine would disunite that beauteous head and body,"—and instantly confessing her ascendant over him, resumed, "I feel

* "Qui vero regnatura juveni virtutem instillat, utrique et principi et universo populo bene consulit. Qui autem eundem malis imbuat artibus, quasi mortiferum venenum non in unum injicit calicem; sed in fontem publicum, quo omnes deinde bibant."—*Ant. Æmilii Orat. Dissert. Polit. de Moribus et Vita Caligulæ.*

† "Dein, spreto turbidi maris discrimine, in Pandatariam insulam, et Pontias, festinabundus trajicit; ut collectas matris et fratris reliquias Mausoleo inferat. Ad hæc multorum criminum facit gratiam, valere jussis delatoribus; et spintriarum fœdam libidinem, aliaque id genus propudia, urbe submovet. In equestri quoque ordine, et judiciis multa castigat et in melius mutat; quasi rigidus morum censor. Redivivum Lycurgum, aut tertium Catonem, e cœlo delapsum, credas."—*Ant. Æmil. Orat. 13, Caligulæ Vita.*

‡ Caligula from infancy was subject to epileptic fits; in the vigour of his youth they seized him with the most alarming suddenness and violence; nor were these attacks succeeded by repose. He barely slept three hours throughout the day and night; and then his sleep was heavy and convulsed; he was afflicted with terrific dreams: he passed the greater portion of the night in restless agitation, in feverish distraction on his couch, or pacing with a hurried step the spacious porticoes and chambers of his palace, exclaiming on the loneliness of the night, and looking wistfully upon the East for the approaching dawn.

§ Cameo of Apollodorus of Messenia.—*Monumens de la Vie Privée des 12 Cæsars.*

disposed to put her to the torture to extort from her the secret of her fascination.* The distempered appetite of Caligula, captivated as he was with the perfections of Cæsonia, revelled in abominations which she neither censured nor resented. Mnester, Prasinus, Cithicus, Apelles the Ascalonite, and others, asserted an impure ascendant on Caligula, which formed a precedent and preface to a later, though not distant day, when Paris and Bathyllus disgustingly inflamed a generation lost to every sense of decency and virtue. Caligula, enamoured of the art and person of the minion Mnester, eagerly embraced the pantomime in presence of his consort and the Roman people; and the slightest interruption of the favourite's performance was instantaneously chastised by a flagellation from the imperial hand.†

Cæsonia was at length delivered of a daughter, and the joy of that event betrayed Caligula into the last extravagance of folly. The mother of the Princess was honoured with the title of Augusta, while the progeny was borne by the imperial father to the temples of the goddesses, and, being placed within the arms of Pallas, was commended to her care; Caligula avowing that the honour of paternity was shared between himself and Jupiter, and leaving it to the opinion of mankind from whether of the two the greater glory would devolve upon the infant. In the enthusiasm of his affection for Cæsonia, he assigned to her the disposition of the spoils and prisoners of Galba, taken at his victory in Gaul.‡ Caligula had now resigned himself to every species of abandoned dissipation, which was interrupted only by some terrible atrocity, in which Cæsonia was regarded as an equal agent with himself. The universal detestation of the tyrant had engendered a conspiracy, of which Getulicus and Lepidus were said to be the chiefs; and to which, at least according to the accusation of Caligula, his sisters, Julia and Agrippina, were convicted parties. The leaders of the enterprise were sacrificed to the suspicions or the vengeance of the Emperor; his sisters were condemned to exile, and every artifice constructive of impeachment was employed to swell the number of conspirators in Rome, and arm the sovereign power with specious pretexts of confiscation, banishment, and bloodshed. While the capital was groaning under these severe inflictions, the insensate Emperor and Cæsonia contemptuously devoted nights and days to impious revels, and voluptuous excess.

A low but sullen murmur of complaint was heard in Rome and the Italian Provinces. Caligula, despising the endurance of the

* "Quoties uxoris vel amiculæ collum exoscularetur, addebat, 'Tam bona cervix, simul ac jussero, demetur.' Quin et subinde jactabat, 'Exquisitum se vel fidiculis de Cæsonia sua, cur eam tanto opere diligeret.'"—*Sueton. in Vitâ Calig.*

† "Quorum vero studio teneretur, omnibus ad insaniam favit. Mnesterem pantomimum etiam inter spectacula osculabatur; ac si quis saltante eo vel leniter obstreperet, detrahi jussum manu sua flagellabat."—*Sueton. in Vitâ Calig.*

‡ "Missa est a Cæsare laurus
Insignem ob cladem Germanæ pubis, et aris
Frigidus exurit cinis; ac jam postibus arma,
Jam chlamydas Regum, jam lutea gausapa captis
Essedaque, ingentesque locat Cæsonia Rhénos."

Pers. Sat. 6.

people, had indulged a wanton appetite for insult : he had threatened to confer the consulate upon his horse, which he invited to his supper and regaled with gilded grain in golden measures, and with wine in cups of costly workmanship ; his prodigality had thoroughly exhausted the accumulated treasure of his predecessor ; he affected to be called, and to receive the adoration of, a deity ; in his banquets with Cæsonia he was wont to arrogate the symbols and divinity of various gods—at times, the *talaria*, *caduceus*, and *petasus* of Mercury—the sword and shield of Mars—the ivy crown and *thyrsus* of the Theban Bacchus, the radiant crown, the lyre and laurel of Apollo : his convivial jests, replete with insult and ferocity, were current through the city, and awoke at length the shame as well as terror of the people. If the least religious reverence existed in the city, Caligula had shocked it by the erection of his statue in the Capitol for the purpose of its worship by the people. A priesthood ministered before the golden idol, and sacrifices were profusely offered on his especial altars. He boasted of an amorous connexion with the moon, and seriously affected to converse with Jupiter, while Cæsonia was openly a party to his absurd and impious impostures. She was suspected also of contributing to the repeated artifices, by which, from time to time, he had lured within his power the more illustrious objects of his lasciviousness ; and of acquiescing in, if not promoting, the unhappy fate of matrons, who had been forcibly subjected to his fruition. This audacious habit of seduction had combined against the Emperor and Empress all the hatred of the men and wives of Rome. The passions of the vicious even were affronted by his preference ; for if Caligula's embraces, so often followed by the infliction of capricious cruelty, inspired the chaste with terror, his person was sufficiently repulsive to disgust the meanest mercenary. His complexion was unnaturally ghastly ; his fiendish eyes were sunk beneath a broad and scowling brow ; the deformity of his head was the more conspicuous from his baldness, and the profusion of bristly hair which overspread his neck and shoulders : his symmetry was strikingly defective, and the unnatural thinness of his legs was rendered more remarkable by the disproportion of enormous feet.* A career of such contemptuous infamy surpassed the patience of degenerate and slavish Rome itself. The growth of public sentiment was watched by a designing few, who laboured under the immediate ignominy of the despot's orders. Each of them was actuated by some personal provocation ; but, however salutary the result of their subsequent conspiracy, it can hardly be allowed the honourable origin of public virtue. Among them were Valerius Asiaticus, a consular personage of excessive wealth ; Annius Vinicianus ; Clemens, the Prætorian Prefect ; and Callistus, the freedman of Caligula, renowned for his immense possessions under Claudius Cæsar. Anxious as they were for their deliverance from the yoke of Caius,

* * "Tanta illi palloris insaniam testantis fœditas erat, tanta oculorum sub fronte anili latentium torvitas, tanta capitis destituti et emendicatis capillis aspersi deformitas. Adjice obsessam setis cervicem, et exilitatem crurum, et enormitatem pedum." —*Seneca de Constant. Sapient.* 18.

none of them was found sufficiently intrepid to stand forth to plan and execute the enterprise of his destruction. Their execution was restrained by interest and fear : and the tyranny of Caius might have still continued, had he not aroused, by an indecent insult, the fire of a resolute, but tardy spirit. His death was undertaken by the Prefect, Cassius Cherea, a man of probity and morals, and by some supposed to favour a revival of the ancient commonwealth. The senator Pompedius, of the sect of Epicurus, disdained to cloak his hatred of the Emperor, and had given utterance to his feelings at the house of Quintilia, the comedian, a woman of distinguished charms both bodily and mental, and worthy of immortal honour. The domestic privacy of the engaging hostess was abused, and the expressions of Pompedius were reported literally to Caligula. Quintilia, summoned before a judge of the imperial despot's choice, declared her ignorance of the alleged remarks ; on which Timidius, the treacherous informant, suggested the infallibility of torture to produce a full disclosure of the facts denied. The painful duty of presiding at the rack was confided by Caligula to Cherea, whose sensibility recoiled from the disgusting charge. He was equally embarrassed, also, should Quintilia reveal a secret enterprise of which she was aware, or should Caligula discover that his lenity had spared the torment of his victim. Her magnanimity ensured the safety of the Tribune, and frustrated the intentions of her sordid persecutor ; she generously devoted herself to the security of Cherea and the interests of the conspiracy. When in her procession to the place of suffering—her beauty, heightened by the interest conceived in her impending fate, and by the noble firmness of her step to the appointed scene of torture—she beheld a member of the enterprise, to whom she signified her constancy by an intelligible token. Her sublime spirit soared above the pangs that cruelty inflicted. The heroism of Quintilia affected Caligula himself, who could not forbear to honour her endurance, and the life of Pompedius was saved by her unconquerable fortitude.* Disgusted with the cruel duties delegated to his execution, with a spirit deeply wounded by frequent and injurious reproaches, Cherea, as Prætorian Tribune, waited on Caligula to receive the watchword of the night. The tyrant, though himself arrayed in all the frippery of womanhood, insultingly impeached the manliness of Cherea, a veteran whose life was signalized by toil and courage. When at length Caligula replied to his demand, and gave him either Venus or Priapus as the *tessera*, the officer intending to salute his hand, received it in the form of a significant obscenity.† Cherea's indignation mantled on his cheek, and from the moment of his departure from the Emperor, his thoughts were wholly turned on the indefectible expedient of his death.

After numerous discussions between the chief conspirators, the Palatine games established by Livia, in honour of Augustus, of four days' duration, were fixed on as the time and place of his assassina-

* Joseph.—*Antiq. l. 19.*

† “ Agenti gratias, osculandam manum offerre, formatam commotamque in obscœnum modum.”—*Sueton. in Vitâ. Calig. 56.*

tion. The three first days elapsed without an opportunity, and Cherea began to apprehend the failure of his project; especially as rumours had obtained of an impending plot. On the fourth day, Caligula, at the suggestion of Asprenas, a conspirator, was induced to quit the theatre and bathe. The partisans were at their posts, and having cleared the passage by which Caligula was accustomed to retire, they were ready to receive him singly for their purpose. He was preceded by Claudius, his uncle and successor; Vinicius, the husband of his sister Julia; and Valerius Asiaticus. Paulus Arruntius walked behind him. When about to quit his train, he commenced a conversation with a young Ionian, a singer of a Grecian troop, attending to perform a dance and hymn before him on his progress to the bath. The tribune seized this moment for his purpose, and plunged his weapon in the tyrant to the hilt. Caligula, though smitten to the earth by the violence of Cherea's stroke, exclaimed, "I am not killed!" on which Sabinus and the rest, exhorted by the signal "Again! again!" completed his catastrophe.

The news in Rome gave rise to universal joy, constrained, however, by the doubt of its veracity. The centurion Lupus, anxious to confirm the fact, went straightway to the palace, where he found Cæsonia and her infant child lamenting bitterly over the mangled body of Caligula. The afflicted woman, on beholding Lupus, begged him, in an attitude of supplication, to assist her in the last of pious rites. But Lupus answered her entreaties by an air which breathed but little of compassion or condolence. She saw her own perdition was involved in the assassination of her husband, and summoned instantaneous resolution to confront the bloody purpose of her murderer. Lupus pierced her with his sword, and having caught the infant princess by the ankle, dashed her brains out at a blow. Cæsonia, in the agonies of death, was conscious of the horrid scene; her husband and her child were slain; she fixed her eyes on Lupus in the wildness of maternal fury, while the centurion beheld her from a distance with a cruel and sarcastic smile. He possibly was sating the revenge of some domestic injury; but as the existence of his victim was protracted to an inconvenient length, he raised his sword still dripping with her blood, and urging it with an infernal malediction to her heart, departed from the palace.

ECONOMY OF THE MONTHS.

JUNE.

Arrival of Summer.—Lord Howe's Victory of the 1st of June.—Nelson and Wellington Memorials.—Bill of Rights.—Riots of 1780.—Humanity of our Fathers.—Question of Blood for Blood.—Temperature.—Whit-Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday.—Quakers and their Pride.—The King of Hanover.—A Holiday for the Man who Swears that Black is White.—Tribute to the Memory of George the Third.—The Black Prince, Lady Charlotte, and George the Fourth.—Trinity Sunday.—Curious Old Homily.—Corpus Christi.—Cat Worship and Popery.—St. Barnabas.—Miraculous Walnut-Tree.—Days without Night.—Roger Bacon.—The New London Bridge.—The Duke of Marlborough.—Acquittal of the Seven Bishops.—Canals and Rail-roads.—Waterloo.—Magna Charta.—Sir Joseph Banks.—Duty of Overseers.—The Dunmow Flich.—The Fighting Parson, Stoney Bowes, and Lady Strathmore.—Parson Bate's Benediction.—Victoria's Accession and King Edward's Translation.—Proclamation of the Queen.—Midsummer-Day.—St. John the Baptist.—Nero's Martyrs.—Battle of Bannockburn.—Hampden.—The Coronation.—The Peel Banquet, and the Glorious Majority of Nineteen.—Lord John's Feast.—Pizarro.—Dr. Dodd.—Rubens.—Rousseau.—St. Peter.—Julian the Apostate.—St. Paul.—Brother Jonathan excited.

JUNE, the first month of summer—the glorious month of birds and flowers, and hay-making, and sheep-shearing, and a thousand rural exercises and enjoyments—is with us at last, after a long and dreary winter, and a bitter, bitter cold spring. Adieu to rheumatics, which have fled with the piercing blasts from the east, and hail to the genial breeze of the west, the renovator of health and life.

Perhaps there is hardly a day in the year which may not be cited as the anniversary of some naval fight—of some proud triumph of arms, in which the “meteor-flag of England” has floated over the ensigns of a fallen foe. Short of the battle of Trafalgar, however, few are the naval engagements which have excited so great a sensation at the moment, or whose memory has been more cordially cherished, than the victory of the 1st of June, achieved by Admiral Lord Howe, in 1794, now nearly half a century ago. Few, alas! are the veteran survivors of that well-fought battle. The heart-cheering recollection of the glories of the 1st of June was with Nelson, when he gave his last heroic order, “England expects every man to do his duty.” And in grateful remembrance of Nelson's achievements, we are proud to find that the energies of the people, though they long slept, have at length been roused to a sense of justice, and that a national monument is to hallow the spot, already more than half consecrated by the name it bears—Trafalgar Square. Heaven preserve us from the disgrace of its being in correspondence with the taste which gave birth to the deplorable abortion which must form its back-ground—the National Gallery—the contempt and scorn of every passer-by. The subscriptions for Wyatt's equestrian memorial of Wellington are accumulating gloriously in all the remote possessions of the British Empire; and we trust that, as a

naval people *par excellence*, we shall not suffer the Nelson contributions to lag behind them.

On the 2nd of June, 210 years will have elapsed since the Bill of Rights was passed; and fifty-eight since the commencement of the memorable riots of 1780—riots for the innocent participation in which, as the chronicles of the time bear testimony, boys of ten or eleven years old were hanged. So much for the civilization, judgment, and humanity of our fathers! Verily, the march of intellect has effected some improvement after all. Hanging—excepting by those who choose to perform the pleasant operation on themselves—has gone wonderfully out of fashion since that period. We trust it will never return; for strongly do we doubt the right of man to take the life of man, even in cases of blood. The Almighty was satisfied with placing his *mark* upon the first murderer.

The energy of the sun's rays, and the dryness of the atmosphere, are at their greatest height this month, although the temperature of the air does not attain its maximum till July or August.

Whit-Sunday falls on the third of the month. The following Monday and Tuesday are grand holidays at Greenwich, and elsewhere. The Quakers' Annual General Meeting commences on the fourth, when pride and pretty faces will be exhibited in profusion under plain bonnets. As Diogenes evinced more pride when he trampled on the cloak of Plato, than Plato had ever shown in wearing it, so may it fairly be said of the Quakers, that they have more pride in showing their sad-coloured garments and sleek broad-brimmed beavers, and sleek faces beneath them, than was ever felt or shown by the first belle or beau in the land, though decked forth in purple and gold, and all the gems of the East.

The fifth is the anniversary of the birth-day of the King of Hanover. We advise his loyal and patriotic friend Joey Hume to make a holiday on that day—take a sixpenny trip in a steamer to Blackwall, eat white-bait, swear that black is white, and, for the sake of economy, drink his Majesty's health in small beer.

For many a long year the 4th of June was joyously celebrated as the anniversary of the birth of George the Third. Is not the great departed worthy of a tribute?

“ If, proudly eminent, the name
Of BRUNSWICK, in the roll of fame
Shines forth—with what resplendent light
The THIRD GREAT GEORGE o'erwhelms the sight!
His was the reign of wonders! *He*,
'Midst crouching princes, still was free!
His throne a people's love upheld,
Whilst recreant nations round rebelled!
And, whilst beneath a tyrant's frown
The sovereigns of the earth sank down,
His Island Sceptre firmer grew,
And proved his subjects' homage true!
Yes! true that homage was, and warm;
It braved the fiercest wintry storm
That ever, round a monarch's bed,
Its dark and midnight fury shed!

The wreath that circles GEORGE's brow
 Rewards that pious monarch now ;
 Like AEDIEL, alone he stood,
 For *George the Third*, was GEORGE THE GOOD !"

T. H.

On the 8th of June, Edward the Black Prince will have been dead 462 years. Lady Charlotte—in the profundity of her erudition, would tell us that his Majesty George the Fourth was the very "prototype" of that hero !

Trinity Sunday occurs on the 10th of June. Hone, in his *Treatise on the Ancient Mysteries*, states what is perhaps not generally known :—"An old Homily for Trinity Sunday declares that the form of the Trinity was found in man ; that Adam, our fore-father of the earth, was the first person ; that Eve, of Adam, was the second person ; and that of them both, was the third person : further, that at the death of a man, three bells were to be rung as his knell, in worship of the Trinity ; and two bells for a woman, as the second person of the Trinity."

The festival of Corpus Christi, a great day in the Romish church, as most persons who have visited the Continent are well aware, falls upon the Thursday after Trinity Sunday ; consequently, it is this year on the 14th of June. This festival is held to celebrate the doctrine of Transubstantiation. In all Roman Catholic countries it is observed by music, lights, flowers strewed in the streets, rich tapestries hung upon the walls, and with other demonstrations of rejoicing. As we have witnessed it in France, the pioneers, with their prodigious artificial beards, form one of the most striking features of the procession. In England, as well as upon the Continent, it was formerly the custom to exhibit plays or mysteries on this day, representing Scripture subjects. The most eminent performers of Mysteries in London, were the Society of Parish Clerks.

Not happening to be members of the learned Society of Antiquaries, we are altogether in ignorance of the origin of cat-worship, as it was anciently solemnized on the day of Corpus Christi. In the middle ages, brute animals formed as prominent a part in the worship of the time, as they had done in the old religion of Egypt, when cows and cats and monkeys were deified. The cat was a very important personage. Hone, in his account of the Ancient Mysteries, to which we have already alluded, tells us that at Aix, in Provence, on the festival of Corpus Christi, the finest tom-cat of the country, wrapped in swaddling-clothes like a child, was exhibited in a magnificent shrine to public admiration. Every knee was bent, every hand strewed flowers, or poured incense, and grimalkin was treated in all respects as the god of the day. Alas, for the reverse of the picture ! On the festival of St. John, a number of the tabby-tribe were put into a wicker-basket, and thrown alive into the midst of an immense fire, kindled in the public square, by the bishop and his clergy. Hymns and anthems were sung, and processions were made by the priests and people in honour of the sacrifice. And this is Popery, to which little Johnny and his master Dan the Great are anxiously labouring to restore us !

The 11th is the day of St. Barnabas, who was of the tribe of Levi, and for several years coadjutor of the Apostle Paul. Formerly, this was a high festival in England. We have seen it cited from Collinson's Somersetshire, that "besides the holy thorn, there grew in the abbey church-yard of Glastonbury, on the north side of St. Joseph's Chapel, a miraculous walnut-tree, which never budded forth before the feast of St. Barnabas, but on that very day shot forth leaves and flourished like its usual species. 'This tree,' continues our authority, "is gone, and in the place thereof stands a very fine walnut-tree of the common sort. It is strange to say how much this tree was sought after by the credulous; and, though not an uncommon walnut, Queen Anne, King James, and many of the nobility of the realm, even when the times of monkish superstition had ceased, gave large sums of money for small cuttings from the original."

The 21st of June is well remembered as the longest day of the year. It is, however, on St. Barnabas's day or night, that the Midsummer, or nightless days commence; and they continue until the 2nd of July. In many parts of the country, the subjoined couplet is yet extant:—

"Barnaby Bright, Barnaby Bright,
The longest day and the shortest night."

On the 11th of June, Roger Bacon will have been dead 534 years. The memory of this philosophical monk deserves to be held in eternal remembrance. In scientific discovery, and true philosophical feeling, he was as much before the age in which he lived, as was his illustrious namesake and successor, Lord Bacon, before the time of which he was at once the everlasting honour and disgrace. Roger Bacon, who was born near Ilchester, in the county of Somerset, in the year 1214, was unquestionably the inventor of gunpowder in this country; and also of convex and concave lenses. Of their application to the purposes of reading, and of viewing remote objects, both terrestrial and celestial, he distinctly treats. He also describes the Camera Obscura, and the burning-glass; and if not the inventor, he certainly was an improver of the telescope.

On the 15th of June, 1825, the first stone of the New London Bridge was laid. On the same day, in the following year, the reign of the Janissaries ceased in Turkey.

On the 16th the great Duke of Marlborough will have been dead 116 years. This illustrious warrior, who made noise enough in his day, and whose memory has been recently revived by the publication of his Letters, died at Windsor Lodge in a state of idiocy. Was he blessed, or cursed, with a wife, in the person of Miss Jennings, one of the most distinguished beauties of the Court of Charles II.?

On the 17th, it will be 150 years since the acquittal of the seven Bishops. No finer description of this memorable event has been written than that which we find in Mrs. Bray's historical romance, "Trelawny of Trelawne."

On the same day, seventy-seven years ago, the first English navigable canal was opened. For a time, the rage for canals proved almost as great as is that for railroads in the present day. Many of

the former failed of success and ruined their projectors, and it requires not the gift of prophecy to enable us to say that many of the latter will be found in the same predicament. The great Birmingham Railway is, we believe, nearly completed. It appears, however, that it is to be opposed by a water communication—a canal in fact—direct from London to Birmingham. The boats upon this canal are to be worked by steam; and it is said that the conveyance of goods and passengers will be at once cheaper and more expeditious than by the railroad.

Need it be mentioned—surely not to an Englishman—that the 18th of June is the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, fought twenty-three years ago? Peace and honour to the *manes* of the heroes who fell on the great and glorious field!

- “ They sleep in the bosom of earth—
All their high-breathing raptures are o’er;
Their proud glory, their valour, their worth,
In life’s pilgrimage now are no more!
- “ They sleep—and the strife of the field,
And the clangour of arms in its rage,
With the sword, and the helmet, and shield,
Their free spirits no longer engage.
- “ They sleep—from their father-land far—
Where they sought in stern vengeance their foes;
Where they mocked the fierce havoc of war,
There they find their last earthly repose.
- “ They sleep the sweet sleep of the brave!
O’er their sod the fresh laurel shall bloom;
And the cypress shall mournfully wave,
As the night-wind sweeps over their tomb.
- “ They sleep—but their memory lives;
They are dead—but the voice of their fame
Through the world immortality gives,
And for ever shall hallow their name!”

T. H.

Magna Charta was signed on the 19th of June, 1215, 623 years ago. For this great charter of our liberties, we are indebted to the *Lords*; had it not been for them, we should never have possessed it. It avails the opponents of the Peerage little to say that the motives of the Barons were selfish; that is no business of ours; the result was beneficial. Sir Joseph Banks, the celebrated naturalist, President of the Royal Society, &c., died at the age of seventy-seven, on the six hundred and fifth anniversary of the signature of Magna Charta. Sir Joseph was born in Lincolnshire, in 1753. His library and his collections in natural history were said to be unequalled. After the death of Mr. Brown, his librarian, they became national property in the British Museum.

On the 20th of June it is the duty of parochial overseers to fix on church doors notices to persons qualified to vote for counties to make their claims.

Several little recollections attach to the return of this day. It is

the day on which happy couples were accustomed to claim a flitch of bacon from the Lord of the Manor of Dunmow, in Essex. Their claim was to be established by proof that they had lived together in the holy bands of wedlock, a year and a day, without repentance of their union in thought, word, or deed. The last claimants of the flitch are said to have been John Shakeshaft, a wool-comber, and Anne, his wife, of Weathersfield, in Essex, who, in 1751, bore off the flitch in triumph. The late Mr. Stothard, R.A., who has been happily designated the English Watteau, has preserved the memory of this amusing custom by an admirable painting, more than once within these few years very finely engraved. The Rev. Henry Bate, who afterwards took the name of Dudley, and was invested with a Baronetcy by his Majesty George IV., also commemorated the custom by the production of a comic opera, which was first acted at the Haymarket Theatre, in the year 1778, and which is still occasionally performed. Mr. Bate was the author of six or seven other dramatic pieces, and was also well known as a political writer, and as the original projector and conductor of the *Morning Herald* newspaper. Mr. Bate had the degree of LL.D., and was Chancellor of the Diocese of Ferns, in Ireland, and a magistrate for the county of Essex. He attained considerable notoriety as Editor of the *Morning Post*; and, from the following not very creditable circumstance, acquired the *soubriquet* of "the fighting parson." The notorious Stoney Bowes, who afterwards married and most cruelly treated the half imbecile Countess of Strathmore, had not then been able to accomplish his object of a union with the lady. To promote his views, a plan was concerted between these two worthies, the parson and the suitor: the former was to libel the lady in his paper, and the latter was to step forward as her volunteer champion, and to call the aggressor out. Accordingly, the sanguinary duellists met in a back parlour, in one of the streets in the Strand—Cecil Street, or Salisbury Street—and the celebrated Jesse Foote was, if we mistake not, the *friend*, upon this occasion, of one of the parties. The encounter did not prove bloodless; for the parson is said to have received a scratch from his mock antagonist's sword. This was almost as good a joke as the far-famed meeting between little Tommy Moore and little Jeffrey, the Editor of the *Blue and Yellow*; when, through the management of the seconds, the combatants fought with pistols charged with bullock's blood instead of bullets.

The memory of the parson, however, is still further immortalized in every printing-office in London, by an incident truly *comique*. When conducting the *Morning Herald* it was his custom, before retiring for the night, to see his paper completely ready for press. Upon one occasion, having done so, the sudden arrival of important news, or something else of an interesting nature, rendered it necessary for him, after he had been snugly tucked up, to quit his comfortable couch, and return to the office. Having again seen all right—the form "locked up" and quite ready—he was about to depart, when, upon raising the form upon its edge, the whole suddenly fell through and crumbled into what compositors term a huge mass of "pie!" This was too much; the meek and devout parson raised

his eyes to heaven, clasped his hands in agony, and exclaimed, with the inspired fervour of a saint, "May the Almighty, in his infinite mercy, d—— ye all!" The hallowed prayer lives in the memory of printers as "Parson Bate's benediction."

The 20th of June is the anniversary of the accession of her present Majesty, Queen Victoria, and of the "translation" of Edward, King of the West Saxons, who was murdered by order of Elfrida. Edward had two anniversaries: one on the 18th of March, in commemoration of his sufferings, or rather of the absurd miracles which were asserted to have been wrought at his tomb; the other, on the 20th of June, in remembrance of the removal, or translation as it was termed, of his relics from Wareham, where they were inhumed, to the minster at Salisbury, three years after his decease.

Queen Victoria having ascended the throne on the 20th of June, was proclaimed on the 21st, the longest day of the year.

The 24th of June is Midsummer-day—the feast of the Nativity of John the Baptist—the commemoration of the Martyrs of Rome, under Nero, in the year 64—the anniversary of the Battle of Bannockburn, gained by King Robert Bruce of Scotland, over Edward II., of England, in 1314; and the anniversary of the death of Hampden, the patriot, in 1643.

The 26th of June, the anniversary of the decease of his Majesty George IV., was, be it remembered, the day fixed upon by Queen Victoria's sapient, loyal, and patriotic ministers, for the Coronation. However, by dint of beating, buffeting, and kicking—reasoning would have been quite out of the question—they have been reduced to postpone the petty (as it is designed to be) ceremony for two days; that is, till the 28th; thereby giving an *immense* advantage to the "tradesmen" of the West End. But why, as Lord Melbourne indicated, should the interests of the trading part of the community be cared for? Like many a schoolboy, Lord Melbourne and his redoubtable colleagues seem yet to have to learn that the *circulation* of money is, in numerous instances, of infinitely greater importance than is the mock economy of *saving*, or pretending to save, a few thousands. But ministers *must* have the coronation *instantly*, or it will not be *their* coronation. So precarious is the tenure by which these wretched men continue to hold office, at the sovereign will and pleasure of the Conservatives, that were they to postpone the ceremony even until the month of August, it is extremely doubtful whether they would have even a chance of being its directors and controllers. If proof had before been wanting of the strength of the Conservative party in the House of Commons, it was superabundantly given when, at the Peel banquet on the 12th of May, the names of three hundred and thirteen, or three hundred and fourteen, of its members were proudly inscribed. This was indeed a heavy blow—an irrecoverable blow—to the Whiglings. And it was well followed up on the 15th, when, upon the question of the Irish Church, in the House of Commons, King Daniel's servants escaped utter annihilation by the glorious majority of nineteen! Since that, upon the 22nd, they have been in an actual minority of *three*. This was upon Sir Eardly Wilmot's motion for the immediate abolition of Negro Ap-

prenticeship, when even the satellites of the Ministers refused to support them by their votes. But Ministers will nevertheless have their coronation; and, amongst others, Master Spring Rice is to be made a Lord of, and a very little Lord he will be—much about the size, physically and intellectually, of little Johnny himself. His tiny Lordship, by the bye, having only a little house, too small for the accommodation of a decently numerous party, but admirably adapted to his own diminutive size, gave a dinner at the Clarendon on the 17th ult. in honour of her Majesty's birthday. Was it *not* an honour?

Francis Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, and the murderer of its rightful sovereign, was assassinated on the 26th of June, 1541; a suitable end for so ferocious and savage a monster.

Doctor Dodd, whose fall when executed for forgery was deeply commiserated, will have been dead sixty-one years on the 27th.

The 28th of June, for which the Coronation of Queen Victoria appears to be definitively fixed, commemorates the birth of Rubens in 1577, and that of Jean Jacques Rousseau in 1712.

The 29th is sacred to St. Peter the Apostle, and it is also the anniversary of the death of the Emperor Julian, denominated the Apostate, who died in the year 363, at the age of thirty-two.

The 30th commemorates the Martyrdom of St. Paul, in the year 65; though, according to some accounts, it was not till the month of May, 66, that he was beheaded. Upon the various authorities of the Golden Legend, Butler, Ribadeneira, &c., it is fabled, "that, before he was beheaded, he looked up unto heaven, markynge his forehead and his breste with the sygne of the crosse," although that sign was an after invention; and that, "as soone as the head was from the body, it said 'Jesus Christus' fifty tymes." Another pretends from St. Chrysostom, that "from the head of St. Paul when it was cut off there came not one drop of blood, but there ran fountains of milk;" and we have by tradition, that the blessed head gave three leaps, and at each of them there sprung up a fountain where the head fell: which fountains remain to this day, and are revered with singular devotion by all Christian Catholics."

Now is the time—just the right season of the year—for an excursion across the Atlantic! The great Western steamer having made her passage from Bristol to New York in *fifteen* days, brother Jonathan vows he will architecturalize a vessel that shall "do it, quite reg'ler," in *twelve*—and no mistake! Thus, in the course of a few weeks, we may become as well acquainted with the Broadway at New York, as we are with the Rue St. Honoré at Paris.

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Outward Bound. By the Author of "Rattlin the Reefer," &c.
A Novel, in 3 vols. 8vo. Colburn.

THIS is decidedly the best naval novel Mr. Howard has yet produced. A considerable portion of it appeared in occasional chapters in the pages of a contemporary periodical; and although we perused it in that state with a considerable degree of interest, we read it again with renewed pleasure in its present embellished and finished form. It is full of deeds of blood, of terror, and of "hair-breadth 'scapes"—the pathetic, the appalling, and the soul-harrowing are all called into action to increase the diversified interest of the tale—and, as we prophesied on a former occasion in a review of the "Old Commodore," Mr. Howard now rivals, even if he do not excel, the popular author of "Peter Simple." "Outward Bound" is decidedly the best work of fiction that has appeared for many—many months. The extract we propose to make, must be prefaced by stating that the captain of the ship, in which Ardent Troughton performs his first voyage, kills his steward in a fit of drunkenness, and is sewed up in the hammock with the corpse by Mr. Gavel, the superstitious mate, who is afraid that nought but evil would befall the crew if a murderer remained on board:—

"It was just eight bells, ten o'clock, when James Gavel again came on deck. * * * He requested me to turn up the hands for the burial of the dead. The wind was mournfully singing among the rigging, and hurrying along the decks, whilst the doleful cry of the boatswain, "All hands to burial," sounded strangely sad. The men did not hurry up quickly as usual. They came up like so many shadows in the partial darkness, stealing quietly and reverently aft. By the directions of Gavel, who superintended the preparations, instead of placing the grating on the gang-way as in usual, he ordered it to be placed on the taffrail, that as we were running before the wind, when the body was thrown overboard, it might the sooner be clear of the vessel. The line was made ready, another lantern was lighted, and Jugurtha, the dumb Black, with the boatswain and Gavel, went below, and shortly afterwards the corpse was handed up, covered with the ship's colours for a pall. It was then put upon the grating, at the direction of the mate, and made ready for launching overboard; the whole of the ship's company clustering round, and one of the seamen holding the lantern, Gavel prepared to read the funeral service. Hats were taken off.

"'Axing your pardon, Mr. Gavel,' began one of the men, 'but it seems to me as if you had sewed up all poor Wilson's bed-clothes, it is so bulky like. Now as he didn't die of no fever—and my whole kit was washed overboard last gale, I'm willing to pay a fair price for his'n, and you can stop it out of my wages.'

"Jugurtha grinned, and the mate merely said, 'Silence, do not disturb the service.'

"'Had you not better, Mr. Gavel,' remarked the boatswain, 'send for the Captain? Sarve him right, I think, to be made stand by the man he murdered.'

"'He is near enough,' said Gavel hurriedly, and with a slight shudder. 'Let me have no more interruption. You man at the wheel, there, John Cousins, mind the ship's head, and keep your ears open.'

"Three times did Gavel begin, and, at each attempt, his voice was, as if in wrath, blown back upon his lips, and, at last, he was obliged to turn his face from the corpse, and standing thus to proceed. This omen, this apparent anger of Him to whom the hurricane is but as a servant, appalled not Gavel. Verily was he a man of strong nerve, or he was more than an enthusiast. In a loud, clear, and sonorous voice, that the winds could not overcome, he began, 'I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord,' &c., &c., still keeping with the left hand a firm hold of the bier, whilst, with his right, he held the prayer-book. There was a savage solemnity about the scene that did not elevate, but made the heart tremble. The officiating priest, for so, for the moment, must we call this untainted seaman, seemed to be actuated by a spirit of defiance, as much as by a feeling of piety, and there was a scowl of gratified revenge, or of some passion as evil, upon his countenance. That it was dangerous even then and there to cross him, was made manifest by an interruption that, on any other occasion, would have appeared ludicrous. The sailor who had wished to inherit the bedding that he supposed was tacked up with the body, cried out in a reproachful manner, when Gavel read aloud, 'We brought nothing into the world, and it is certain that we can carry nothing out,'—'Then why does Wilson walk off with his blankets and bed?' The hand that he held on the bier was dashed, in an instant, by this man of fierce passions, into the face of the interrupter, whilst he exclaimed, "Silence! reprobate scoffer."

"As the seaman fell to the deck with the blow, he uttered a dreadful imprecation, and a strange and stifled groan was heard, but no one knew from whence it proceeded. After this, Gavel resumed the book, and read on. The gale was increasing momentarily, but it seemed to make no impression on the officiator. He read more loudly and more sternly. A horror began to creep over us all. Methought, at times, that the corpse under the union-jack had a motion not produced by the plunging and the rolling of the vessel. I endeavoured to repel the horrible idea that seized me. It was in vain. My suspicions increased every moment. I knew not how to act. Gavel read on. It was now a perfect storm, yet he seemed to be trying his strength against it. His voice became shrill, and still mastered the rushing of the mighty winds. Twice had I laid my hands upon his arm, and besought him to forbear. I might as well have addressed the tempest that was hurrying us to destruction. He was labouring—labouring did I say? revelling under the influence of a superstitious excitement. Nothing but sudden death could have stopped him. He read on. Another hand had quietly stepped to the wheel to assist the man at the helm—for the brig was bounding, plunging, and reeling—but to all this Gavel seemed impassible, imperturbable. The service drew to a conclusion—I was in a perfect agony of dread. The cold perspiration stood upon my brow. I felt, I knew not why, that I was assisting at some horrible, some unnatural sacrifice. Several times was I upon the point of laying my hands upon the swaddled corpse to relieve the crushing burden of my suspicions; but when the cruel mate came to that part which finishes the ceremony, and read, 'We therefore commit *their bodies* to the deep,' the truth, in all its horror, flashed upon me, and I caught at Gavel's throat, and exclaimed, 'Atrocious murderer! Men, haul the bodies on board.' But Gavel was too quick for me. He thrust the grating over the stern, and the splash of the descending bodies to their cold deep grave was hardly heard amidst the lashings of the water that boiled under the counter of the vessel."

The Incarnate One. A Poem in Three Books. Part the First. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 127. Ward and Co.

THIS is the first part of a Poem which, when completed, promises to cre-

ate for its author no small share of reputation in the literary and religious world. Evidently imbued with the same spirit that taught Milton to soar on celestial wings, and at the same time no servile imitator, nor unblushing plagiarist of the writings of our immortal epic bard, the author of the "Incarnate One" has sketched the early actions of our Saviour, and detailed the first miracles which proclaimed his holy mission, in a style and with a taste that cannot do otherwise than speedily introduce him to public notice. We shall await the publication of the Second Part, which we suppose will also consist of three Books, with impatience; and in the meantime lay the following specimen of the first portion before our readers:—

" Down from his throne the filial glory came—
No minstrelsy could stay his haste to save;
And as he earthward bent his godlike course,
Nor martial car received him, winged with fire;
Nor panoply enclosed his regal form;
Nor thunderbolts, impatient to escape,
Trembled within his grasp;—as on that day
Which saw him, single-handed, issue forth,
Charged with the task of driving to their place
Those who would fain have made a hell of heaven.
But in his mien there sate a look that spoke
Of high-wrought projects lab'ring in his breast;
Of yearning love, for objects steeped in woe;
Of pity, listening to their far-off cry;
Of brooding care, a fearful struggle near;
Of high resolve to struggle to the death."

We regret that we cannot make more elaborate extracts from a poem which every Christian should peruse.

Bianca, and other Poems. By LYDIA B. SMITH; Authoress of "Songs of the Alhambra." 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 131. Tilt. Bath: Simms.

SOME of the most charming flowers ever plucked from the poetic wreath, are here presented to us in all their natural beauty and unsophisticated simplicity. "Bianca," the principal of these effusions, is a sweet production; but the poem, which we admire the most, is "Il Centoceliro," or the flower with the hundred eyes. Want of space, as will be seen by the crowded state of our Review-department, alone prevents us from extracting it. We however hope that the opinion here given of the little volume under notice will induce our readers to purchase it, and thereby make themselves acquainted with its charming contents. It is dedicated to the Right Honourable The Lady Margaret Stuart.

The Palmer's Last Lesson, and other Short Poems. By CALDER CAMPBELL; Author of "Lays from the East." 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 262. Houlston and Hughes.

THE last six weeks have been most prolific in poetic effusions; and decidedly one of the most attractive compilations is that by the talented Author of "Lays from the East," of whom the *Spectator* very justly observed some six or seven years ago, "The west at this moment cannot produce so successful a youthful votary of the Muses as this Minstrel of the East." Of the poems now offered to the public, those that principally strike us, where all are good, is "Sigismorn, the Joyless." Not even Southey, in his most approved productions in a similar style, has written anything to be compared with this. The "Thalaba," and the "Curse of Kehama," in our estimation, are "but

cakes and gingerbread," as our friend Sancho Panza would say, compared to this brief sketch, which allegorically represents the lasting and contaminating woe attendant upon sin. We should be glad to hail the appearance of a prose work of fiction by this author; we are convinced it would in his hands be something superior to the generality of the trash now published in the shape of three-volumed novels. "The Palmer's Last Lesson," &c., cannot fail to secure the good feelings of a numerous class of readers in the author's favour.

Fitzherbert; or Lovers and Fortune-Hunters. By the Authoress of the "Bride of Siena." A Novel. 3 vols. 8vo. Saunders and Otley.

It is not that, being prejudiced in the favour of the authoress of "Fitzherbert" on account of our perusal of her former production, we are determined to extol the work now before us beyond its real merits: our aim is simply to give an impartial opinion relative to one of the cleverest novels lately issued from the British Press. Had not the title-page indicated the fair authoress, we should have risen from the work with a firm conviction that it was written by a man of keen observation, extensive acquaintance with the world, and yet possessed of those softer feelings and delicacy of thought and conception which education and a free *entrée* into the first circles could alone have so exquisitely modelled. A little pedantry in the too frequent quotation of foreign or the dead languages, is the only—and certainly it is a trivial—fault which our critical eye could detect in a careful perusal of these three volumes. On the whole, the work will be read with admiration and delight; and Mrs. Gore, Lady Blessington, Miss Landon, and Lady Charlotte Bury, must look to their laurels, if the authoress of "Fitzherbert" intend—as, indeed, we most sincerely hope she will—to continue the literary career she has so auspiciously commenced. We regret that we have this month no room for extract.

The Christian's Harp. By JOSEPH FEARN. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 60. Printed for Private Circulation.

THIS is a sweet little *bouquet* of Poems; and our only regret is that they have not been published for the benefit of general readers, as well as of the favoured few whose names stand at the end of the volume. We hope that Mr. Fearn will be induced, by the plaudits of his friends, to undertake more important works in future, and issue them to the world through the *medium* of a publisher. He possesses merit of no mean order.

The Athenian Captive. A Tragedy in Five Acts. By THOMAS NOON TALFOURD; Author of "Ion," &c. 8vo. pp. 103. Moxon.

ALTHOUGH not equal to "Ion," the "Athenian Captive" is a brilliant dramatic production. The poetry is deeply imbued with the spirit of Æschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, &c.: Thoas reminds us of Œdipus—and even the guilty Ismene bids the index of our memory point to Hecuba weeping for her lost son. The tale is, however, slight in its construction, and not sufficiently varied in incident to admit of division into five acts: but this mechanical fault—if a fault it be—does not of course deteriorate from the literary merit of the composition, which, after "Ion," is perhaps one of the most perfect efforts of modern dramatic genius. We subjoin the following extract as a specimen of the learned author's style:—

"CREUSA.

"Oh! do not fling away thy noble life—
For it is rich in treasures of its own,
Which Fortune cannot touch, and visioned glories
Shall stream around its bondage.

"THOAS.

I have dream'd

Indeed of greatness, lovely one, and felt
The very dream worth living for, while hope,
To make it real, surviv'd; and I have loved
To image thought, the mirror of great deeds,
Fed by the past to might which should impel
And vivify the future;—blending thus
The aims and triumphs of a hero's life.
But to cheat hopeless infamy with shows
Of nobleness, and filch a feeble joy
In the vain spasms of the slavish soul,
Were foulest treach'ry to the God within me.
No, lady; from the fissure of a rock, ^{the}
Scath'd and alone, my brief existence gush'd,
A passion'd torrent;—let it not be lost
In miry sands, but having caught one gleam
Of loveliness to grace it, dash from earth
To darkness and to silence. Lead me forth—
(To CREUSA) The gods requite thee!"

Poems; for the most part Occasional. By JOHN KENYON, formerly of St. Peter's College, Cambridge. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 199. Moxon.

THIS elegant volume of poems ought to be found on the table of every drawing-room and *boudoir* in England. Under the title of poetry, it is no trashy publication, nor ineffectual attempt to foist a bad article with a good name on the public. It is a collection of pieces of sterling merit, and cannot be comprehended in the sweeping clause which is quoted from the "Quarterly Review" on the title page. The longest and most important poem is "Pretence, A Satire," in two Parts. The style in which it is written is so admirable, that if it were a literal translation from Horace or Persius, it could not be better; and in saying this, we pay its talented author one of the highest compliments—although well merited—we could possibly offer. The following lines may be quoted as a just specimen of Mr. Kenyon's facility and gracefulness of versification:—

" REMEMBRANCE OF SUNSET.

" Where silent elms are clust'ring round
That grey church-tower, which peers above,
She sleeps beneath the narrow mound,
Whom I had loved with brother's love.

" The sun, o'er yonder woody height
Slow drawing on his evening streak,
Had glanced a ray of rosy light
Athwart her pale and dying cheek:

" And while that glorious orb of his
Yet hung—departing—in the west,
Amid a kindred scene like this
Her noble spirit sank to rest.

" But, ever since this westering light,
Those purple hills, that flaming sea,
Those streaks o'er yonder wooded height,
Though beauteous still, are sad to me."

Poems. By JOHN SCHOLES; Author of the "Bridle of Naworth," &c.
1 vol. 12mo. pp. 146. Sherwood and Co.

THERE is something peculiarly easy and graceful in the versification of the volume before us—those soft and delicate touches which remind us of the effusions of Miss Landon, and a perfection of imagery that approaches the inimitable strains of de Lamartine. Mr. Scholes, whose "Bridal of Naworth" experienced a most flattering reception, both by the public in general and the London and provincial press, is a poet of no ordinary kind; and our only regret, in noticing his present production, is that we are not destined to have the pleasure of reviewing and perusing an entire poem, instead of detached pieces. The following lines are three of the best that have lately met our eye in any modern poem:—

"How bright above th' ethereal vault extends,
Steals other tints, and softly shadowed bends
Till the dun scene in sky and ocean ends."

We must next quote the following, illustrative of "Midnight at Sea:"—

"Silence—how silent!—solitude—how lone!
Voice, footstep, murmur—all alike are gone!
Through the high shrouds no vacant zephyrs stray,
Fan the loose flag, or with the canvass play:
Low drops each drowsy sail—the helmsman's care
Wins not from heaven one gently fav'ring air," &c.

We regret that our limits prevent us from making more elaborate extract from this charming little volume.

MISCELLANEOUS.

An Essay on the Rationale of Circumstantial Evidence; Illustrated by Numerous Cases. By WILLIAM WILLS, Attorney-at-Law.
1 vol. 8vo. pp. 315. Longman and Co.

A MORE eminently useful and instructive volume could scarcely have been desired than the one before us. The author is evidently a man of sound judgment, deep observation, and extensive knowledge of his subject; and most sincerely do we welcome the result of his labours. Not a judge—not a pleader—nor a juror throughout the United Kingdom should neglect the perusal of this valuable work. In England too much reliance is usually placed on circumstantial evidence, particularly in affairs involving the very life of the accused in criminal cases; whereas in France this species of testimony is devoid of any considerable degree of weight. The extent to which circumstantial evidence ought to be accredited, is well laid down and argued in the volume under notice; and a variety of interesting facts is adduced to support the chain of reasoning. The following remarkable occurrence will afford a specimen of the cases thus brought forward:—

"About five in the morning the head of a man was lately found under an arch of the Pont de la Houchette, in Paris: the trunk of the body was afterwards discovered in a sink in the Rue de la Houchette, and the two lower extremities near the Pont Neuf. Subsequent enquiries led to the knowledge that the deceased was a man of the name of Ramus, and that he had been a soldier, lately employed as a messenger for the bureau of a receiver of taxes. The head and body being deposited at the Morgue, the medical examination commenced, which, from the very great length at which it was reported,

renders it exceedingly difficult to enter much into it, though, from the careful and judicious mode of procedure, the medical men in this country would derive great advantage from its perusal. The exterior appearance showed the deceased to be about thirty; the countenance exhibited not the slightest mark of suffering or of anxiety; the features were calm, the eyes half open, the mouth wide open, the skin pale and livid. There was a slight wound upon the forehead, and there were two or three slight bruises upon the face, but no other indication whatever of violence upon any part of the body. The medical men, from all the circumstances which presented themselves, on examining the manner in which decapitation and amputation had been performed, came to the conclusion that Ramus was killed during sleep, and that sleep must have been produced by artificial means; that it was either the result of drunkenness, or the effect of some narcotic; that the throat must have been cut, and an immense quantity of blood lost; that the decapitation and the cutting off the limbs must have been immediately performed by a person accustomed to such operations either on man or on animals; that the instrument must have been sharply edged and long, either such as is used for amputation or for the kitchen; that he must have been a vigorous person; that all the incisions were made by the same hand; and that the murderer became nervous as he concluded his horrid cut. They then proceeded to the examination of the internal parts of the body, which led them to pronounce that the unfortunate man had laboured under no disease which had a tendency to terminate life suddenly; that death was solely produced by the cutting of the throat;* that the contusions on the face were the result of the endeavours made, during the amputation, to perform it quickly; and that death must have taken place about three hours after he had had a meal. The contents of the stomach were submitted to analysis, and pronounced to contain a small quantity of alcohol and of hydrocyanic or prussic acid, but its quantity could not be determined. About three weeks afterwards the murderer was arrested, or rather delivered himself into the hands of justice; for, learning that his son, who had been just apprenticed to an apothecary at Paris, had been taken up on suspicion, he returned to Paris, having previously left that city for Are. He confessed to the Prefect of Police, after some hesitation, his crime; and it was most satisfactory to all those who were interested in the subject to find how completely the opinions given by the medical men were borne out by the narrative of the person who committed the deed. Just previous to the death of Ramus, he had given him a mixture of brandy and prussic acid, and had murdered his victim exactly in the manner in which the documents delivered in by the medical examiners of the body had led the public to expect."

Before we entirely take leave of this excellent publication, which reflects no ordinary degree of credit upon the legal knowledge and logical powers of the author, we must again strenuously recommend it to public notice.

Treatise on the Employment of Certain Methods of Friction and Inhalation in Consumption, Asthma, and other Maladies. By JOHN POCOCK HOLMES, Esq.; Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, Author of "Popular Observations on Diseases incident to Females," &c. 8vo. Holdsworth.

THIS little volume very strenuously recommends a method of introducing medicines into the system, hitherto but little practised, and demonstrates the efficacy of certain remedies which appear to be known only to the author. The important agency of counter-irritants is universally admitted; but we have

* This point, in the case of James Greenacre, the English faculty could not determine.—EDITOR.

rarely observed any appreciable good resulting from inhalation. Mr. Holmes's experience, however, is at issue with our own. This may be attributed to the particular efficacy of remedies known (as he says) exclusively to himself. How far the author, as connected with a profession *essentially* liberal, may be justified in exclusive agency, we are not prepared to say. Howsoever urgent may be his *private* motives for secrecy, we consider him bound in *professional* honour to proclaim his discovery, provided its value be really as great as the many accredited cases would induce us to believe. Mr. Holmes, however, may plead the bitter extenuation, that neither in medicine, nor in the sciences generally, has fame or fortune attended the disclosure of any beneficial discovery. His remedial agents appear to possess important *desiderata*—occasioning no derangement of the digestive functions, no excessive irritation of the skin; nor is confinement nor regimen insisted upon to obviate effects not infrequently resulting from an exhibition of the more potent drugs.

Appended to the "Treatise" are some sensible remarks illustrating Mr. Holmes's improvements in obstetrical surgery. The gold Vulcan Medal, and the large gold medal of the Society of Arts, together with the sanction of the most distinguished authorities, sufficiently guarantee the importance of his mechanical arrangements. We are happy to contribute our own testimony to their simplicity and ingenious adaptation to their purpose.

The Despatches and Correspondence of the Marquess of Wellesley, K.G., during his Lordship's Mission to Spain as Ambassador Extraordinary to the Supreme Junta in 1809. Edited by MONTGOMERY MARTIN. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 197. Murray.

THESE despatches, as the talented Editor informs us in the Introduction, "were printed for both Houses of Parliament, and recorded in the journals of the day. They are now collected together and arranged chronologically, as containing matter calculated to illustrate the history of the period when England commenced her active interference in Spain, on the expulsion of Ferdinand VII., and the occupation of a great part of his kingdom by the French. It is necessary to state," continues Mr. Martin, "that this special embassy originated in a proposition made by Mr. Canning, then Secretary of State for the foreign department, in the spring of the year 1809, to the Marquess of Wellesley. Mr. Canning stated that it was intended to send a large armament to Spain, and to place it under the orders of Sir Arthur Wellesley. By command of His Majesty George the Third, Mr. Canning offered to the Marquess of Wellesley the station of Ambassador Extraordinary to the Supreme Junta, with a view to an efficient negotiation, which would render the operations of the army under Sir Arthur Wellesley of solid benefit to the cause of the Allied Powers." After a little indecision and delay his lordship accordingly proceeded on the proposed mission, and the transactions of the embassy form the contents of the despatches, which will be perused with the attention and interest they deserve. The greatest praise is due to the experienced author of "British India," &c., for the care and skill he has manifested in the arrangement of the work.

Il Tradduttore Italiano: A Selection of Instructive and Amusing Extracts from Classical Italian Prose Writers, &c. By A. CASSELLA, R. S. G. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 337. Souter.

THIS is an useful work, and one that will be found invaluable to the student. The difficult words and idioms are translated into French and English, thus enabling the pupil of either nation to study the elements of the Italian language in his own tongue. A hundred Italian proverbs, with suitable translations, are appended to the work.

Experiments and Observations on the Gastric Juices, and the Physiology of Digestion. By WILLIAM BEAUMONT, M.D. Edited by ANDREW COMBE, M. D. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 319. Edinburgh: Maclachlan and Co. London: Simpkin and Co.

INFLUENCED by a strong sense of the importance of Dr. Beaumont's work, and perceiving that it was difficult to procure it on this side of the Atlantic, Dr. Combe has reprinted and edited the volume from the American text, and has added copious explanatory notes, which considerably increase the value of the book. To the medical student the various experiments here detailed, must be fraught with interest and instruction. The various changes which circumstances operate upon the nature and appearance of the gastric juice, are curious; and the perspicuity with which they are explained, forms no insignificant feature in the merits of the work. We venture to predict for these "Experiments and Observations," a large share of public favour.

Recollections of Cracow: Four Mazurkas, one Waltz, and one Galop for the Guitar. By STANISLAUS SZCZEPANOWSKI. R. Cocks and Co., 20 Princes Street, Hanover Square.

SIX short pieces, arranged with much taste, and a perfect knowledge of the instrument for which they are intended. Although a degree of sameness pervade this composer's style, we think that he will prove a valuable acquisition to those who desire "practice made pleasing." The harmonics are particularly effective.

Areopagita Secunda; or Speech of the Shade of John Milton, on Mr. Serjeant Talfourd's Copy-right Extension Bill. 8vo. pp. 28. Moxon.

THIS, and a dozen other pamphlets on the same subject, have been carefully perused by us; and we candidly declare that we are inclined to believe that, after all, the various writers upon this,—to them an apparently important question,—will agree in regretting the enthusiasm with which they have adopted either opinion. If any Bookseller were to speculate upon the probability of a work's selling after the expiration of fourteen or fifteen years from the date of its publication, he would, most assuredly, find himself a considerable loser by the expectation. The discussion has, however, led to some strange disclosures, which have called forth contradictory or explanatory letters; the object of which it is not very difficult to see through. But the best remarks upon the question were certainly those which appeared in "Chambers's Edinburgh Journal," a short time back. Messieurs Longman's letter to the daily newspapers, Mr. Tegg's pamphlet, &c. &c., have also created a variety of novel sentiments and opinions in this weighty matter. The one under notice will be perused with attention: it is written with calmness and perspicuity, and abounds in forceful observation. We, however, decline venturing an opinion upon the merits of either side.

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS ON NEW WORKS.

Mr. Washbourne, of Salisbury Square, has just issued two valuable little publications, the one entitled *Plain Instructions for every person to make a Will in accordance with the New Act, I. Victoria, &c.*, and the other *Plain Guide to Executors and Administrators, &c.* These excellent works are both by the same author—"A Proctor"—and will doubtless obtain that which they deserve; viz. a very great share of popularity. Indeed, we strongly recommend them to all our readers.—No IV. of *Hood's Own* is more replete with humour and fun than ever. "The Pillory" and the "Black and White Question," are truly laughable papers.—We are delighted to observe that *The Torch*, a talented Conservative Journal, conducted by Felix Fax, Esq., a *nom de guerre* for a writer of experience in the papers of London, is now double its former size, and contains almost as much letter-press as the *Athenæum*, with a variety of amusement and instruction.

The *Arcanum*, published by the author, J. Bennett, engineer, at 4, Three Tun Passage, Newgate Street, is a very valuable publication, in monthly numbers, Price 2s. 6d. each, and to be complete in about sixteen parts. It comprises "a concise theory of practical, elementary, and definitive geometry; exhibiting the various transmutations of Superficies and Solids; obtaining also their actual capacity by the mathematical scale, including solutions to the yet unanswered problem of the ancients." We sincerely hope that Mr. Bennett's publication will experience the patronage it so eminently deserves.—The *Architectural Magazine*, the *Suburban Gardener*, and the *Arboretum et Fruticetum*, under the direction of the talented Mr. Loudon, continue their course of utility and instruction. In their several branches, they are the most valuable works in the English language.—No. VII. of the *Churches of London* contains two admirable views of the exterior and interior of St. Catherine Cree, Leadenhall Street. The letter-press of this number is exceedingly curious and interesting. Mr. Tilt is decidedly one of the most spirited publishers of the present day; and the extraordinary success experienced by his various publications, is nothing more than what he merits by his unwearied exertions to please and instruct.

The 7th Part of *The Rambles of Captain Bolio* is full of variety and interest.—The *New Translation of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, with copious notes, by C. W. Lane, and published by C. Knight, promises to be a most popular and lucrative work. It is admirably got up—the engravings are well executed—the type clear, and the paper good. We, however, object to the new readings of many of the oriental terms here introduced. The words *Genius* and *Genii* are now anglicised, and ought not to be replaced by the till now unknown appellation of *Jinnæe*. The notes are also too elaborate, and will encroach upon the interesting portion of each Part. Otherwise, we congratulate both translator and publisher on the nature of their undertaking, and cordially recommend the work to all our readers. When complete, it will form a perfect *bijou* of oriental literature; especially, as Mr. Lane appears perfectly competent to achieve the task to his own credit, and the satisfaction of the literary public.—Part III. of *Hampshire* (an Illustrated Historical and Topographical description of that county) is well got up. The work, when complete, will be a valuable local history.—Part VI. of the *History of British Birds* (which publication in a former number was erroneously stated to be brought to a conclusion) is the continuation of a work highly creditable to author, artist, and publisher, and will not fail to experience the most signal success.

MONTHLY SUMMARY OF SCIENCE AND THE SOCIETIES.

THE newspapers of the day, by the great number of companies which are announced in their advertising columns, may almost be regarded as predicting a crisis somewhat similar in its character to that of 1825, although perhaps not to be so disastrous in its ultimate results. Among the bubbles there are, however, some which offer tangible claims to consideration, and of these few one is for carrying out a scientific discovery which promises to be of extensive benefit in the useful arts; by galvanizing iron, and thus protecting it from corrosion, however exposed the situation in which it may be placed. In railways and in machinery the discovery will be of the first importance.

In investigating the phenomena of Electrical sounds, M. Sellier has found it sufficient to place an electric diamond upon a pane of glass in order to produce tones. When a well-polished sewing needle, suspended from a hair, is placed in a bowl filled with an acid sulphate of copper, the bowl crackles, even after the needle has been withdrawn and the liquid poured out. Small currents of common electricity become perceptible to the ear by means of a wheaten straw, struck upon a drum of vegetable paper.

Another of those surprising and natural phenomena, a submarine volcano, has recently been discovered. On the 25th of November last the Captain and passengers of the brig *Cæsar*, from Havre, on passing the bank of Bahama, saw an enormous fire, which increased till it had tinged the whole of the sky and part of the horizon. It was kept in sight for four hours, and could only be accounted for as proceeding from a submarine volcano. On the 3rd of January, the Captain of the *Sylphide*, also from Havre, being on the same spot, found the sea disturbed, and whitish in colour, which he attributed to the same cause. To these notices, conveyed to the French Academy of Sciences, M. Moreau de Jonnes adds, that on the 30th of the same November, an earthquake took place at Martinique. The shock was violent, and the heat very great.

CHEMISTS have long turned their attention towards the different combinations of water and acetic acid with oxide of lead, and which are so valuable to medicine, to the arts, and to analysis; but the subject is still incomplete. M. Payen, however, has been making some important progress in this branch of chemistry, and the most interesting part of his labours consists in the discovery of a new acetate of lead, and an equally new combination between water and protoxide of lead. In the course of his researches, he has been able to explain several phenomena, the causes of which have been hitherto unknown, and which are highly interesting in the matter of analysis, the particulars of which have been submitted to the French Academy, and will speedily be made known.

The medical properties of gold have lately occupied the attention of M. Legrand, and he is of opinion that this metal, reduced to an impalpable powder, that its metallic oxydes, and that the perchloruret of gold and sodium, possess in a very high degree the property of restoring vital strength, and of increasing the activity of the organs of digestion and nourishment.

The entomologist will be glad to learn that the experience of M. Bonafons, proves the efficacy of the Chinese method of feeding silk-worms on rice flour; and he has even gone further, and discovered that these caterpillars will eat various kinds of farina, and even the fecula of potatoes.

At a recent meeting of the STATISTICAL SOCIETY, a paper was read, from which the following interesting particulars are gained with reference to different modes of obtaining fire. Friction was one of the most ancient methods; by rubbing together two pieces of wood. Also by the collision of two pieces of bisulphuret of iron, the sparks being caught by dried leaves, or dry fungi.

Hence this ore of iron received the name of "pyrites, or fire stone." Flint struck against flint emits simply a phosphorescent light, but flint against steel produces abundant and brilliant sparks. What are these sparks? Little chips of burning steel. Flint is much harder than steel; therefore, the collision of the violent momentary friction breaks off small particles of the metal, heating them so excessively, that they decompose the atmosphere, unite with its oxygen, and burn into the state of protoxide of iron: the result is exactly similar to what will ensue if steel filings be heated by other means. Steel is a highly combustible substance if finely divided, if its attraction of aggregation be destroyed, as shown in the one instance of the filings, and in the other at the instant of collision. These sparks, though brilliant, are transient; collected on a substance susceptible of ignition, such as charcoal, in the light and porous form of tinder, they cause a beautiful and curious kind of combustion, without flame. Nor can a flame be procured by blowing, because the gaseous matters have been anticipated, but only by applying to them hot and glowing charcoal, a substance which will readily burn with flame, such as sulphur. Hence the common, often despised, brimstone matches, the consumption of which, at one penny per thousand, amounts annually to £26,000; and in London, alone for their manufacture, three tons of sulphur a year are required. In their daily use occur four kinds of combustion, and four distinct results:—Combustion of steel, hot and sparkling—result, protoxide of iron; of charcoal, red-hot and glowing, carbonic acid gas; of sulphur, with flame pale and blue, sulphurous acid of wood, yellow and luminous, carbonic acid gas and water. Such, then, is a little of the philosophy of this simple contrivance. The theory of the evolution of heat by percussion is still a mystery. The fact of a nail beaten on an anvil becoming red-hot, is repeatedly exhibited. By these means smiths frequently procure their light. Phosphorus by friction soon bursts into flame, but will not kindle another piece, nor will it burn the paper on which it may be rubbed; and therefore a brimstone match is also used in this case. But why will it not burn the paper? Because the white smoke which it emits is phosphoric acid; it encrusts the paper and renders it incombustible. Muslin or cloth prepared with phosphoric acid will not take fire. The common light-syringe is a very philosophical apparatus, and depends for its action upon the change of capacity for heat, which air suffers by change of density. Suddenly compress air, or force it to occupy less bulk, its capacity for heat is diminished, and it parts with sufficient to raise tinder to a red heat. This instrument is now much used abroad. Oxymuriate matches are tipped with a paste composed of chlorate of potassa, sugar, and sulphur, which, acted upon by sulphuric acid, bursts into flame. The theory of this action is somewhat complex, but depends upon the sudden evolution of a minute portion of euchlorine from the chlorite, by the sulphuric acid, the heat of the action rising intense enough to cause the sugar to take fire, the rest burning by the heat thus produced, and may be explained by the facility with which its chlorite parts of its oxygen, of which it contains a large quantity. Dobereiner's lamp is a piece of spongi-form platinum, placed in a jet of hydrogen, issuing into the atmosphere, becoming hot enough to inflame the gas. Very few metals act in this remarkable manner. Palladium and iridium, but less perfectly. Gold and silver also, but they require a previous heat of 212° . The theory of this action has been only recently explained; it comprises too much for our limits, which will only allow a word or two on Lucifers and Prometheans, before which all instantaneous lights and light-machines are giving way. They are simple, yet beautiful refinements on the old oxymuriate or chlorite matches. Lucifers upon the principle of friction, formerly sold at fourpence per box, may now be purchased three boxes for one penny, each containing fifty matches. About three tons of chlorite of potash are used annually in their manufacture alone. Prometheans have small glass bulbs, hermetically sealed, containing sulphuric acid, placed in the end of rolls of paper prepared with the chlorite of potash.

About 5,000,000 of Prometheans are made per annum, containing one ton and a quarter of the chlorite.

The following surgical notice will be valuable to our medical readers. M. Larrey has exhibited to the French Academy of Sciences several proofs in support of his theory, that the bones of the cranium cicatrize by the elongation, extenuation, and concentric union of the vessels or fibres of the edges of these openings. Among these proofs, M. Larrey brought a veteran officer of the "*grande armée*" who had lost part of his skull at the battle of Wagram, but nature had not completed her operations with him; for through the thin covering of bone which had formed in the place of the wound, the pulsations of the cerebral arteries were easily felt. Like many others who have been trepanned, M. Brunon distinguishes sounds through this imperfect covering, his ears being perfectly closed at this time.

At the Asiatic Society, specimens were exhibited of various Indian products sent home from Bombay to the Society, and made over to the Committee of Agriculture and Commerce, recently established for the purpose of examining and reporting on such articles. Professor Royle proceeded to explain the value of those which are rare, and to compare them with similar articles brought into the English market. Among others, we observed specimens of raw silk, produced in Bombay and Travancore; of the fibre of the pine-apple, used for stringing beads; besides various dresses and dyes. The Professor produced before the Society several drawings made by Dr. Cantor, a naturalist who was present, and who has lately returned from the east, exhibiting a large group of the Akalephæ, and molluscous tribes, also of reptilia, of the Ophidian race in particular, together with some rare, if not entirely new species of fish, all of which had been carefully dissected and examined on the spot, by the doctor, in the course of the survey lately made by the Indian Navy in the north-eastern part of the Bay of Bengal.

GEOGRAPHICAL SCIENCE is much indebted to Captain Chesney, who undertook the operation of carrying a line of levels across Northern Syria, from the Mediterranean Sea to the river Euphrates, at the time he commanded the expedition sent to that river in the year 1835, chiefly with a view to determine the capabilities of the intervening country for the establishment of communication by roads, railways, or canals; but it was expected, also, that the examination would afford information of much historical and geographical interest. It was commenced in August of the same year, by Lieutenant Murphy and Mr. Thomson, assisted by Sergeant Lyne, R. E., Gunner Waddell, and some Maltese; but most of the party being disabled by sickness, and their numbers reduced by deaths and removals, the levelling was at length conducted principally by Mr. Thomson, with the assistance, in the latter part of the work, of Mr. Elliott, commonly known as Dervish Ali. The result of this great labour was to determine the bed of the Euphrates to be 628 feet above the level of the Mediterranean. The whole of the district over which the line of levels was carried, naturally divides itself into four regions, each of which is characterized by its relative elevation, its peculiar geological structure, its vegetation, and the manners and habits of its population. The first region, commencing from the Euphrates, comprises the country of the upper chalk and conide limestones, which averages an elevation of 1300 feet, and is but slightly undulated; the soil is light, somewhat stony, and of no great depth, and is highly productive in crops of corn and cotton. These uplands are inhabited by stationary Turcomans and Arabs, who are a mixed race of Fellahs. The large plains of this region are studded over in every direction with numerous mounds, of a more or less circular form, called by the Arabs, Tets; and by the Turcomans, Heuks; the origin of which appears to be partly natural, and partly artificial. A village is found at the foot of almost every one of these monticules.—The second region comprises the country of ostracite, limestone, and feldspath pyroxenic rocks,

in the valley of Ghuidaries and the Aphraen, having a mean elevation of 450 feet. This district is extremely fertile, for the most part cultivated, and inhabited by agricultural Kurds.—The third region is the lacustrine plain of Urnk, elevated about 305 feet above the Mediterranean, and covered for the most part with the gramineous plants which feed the flocks of the pastoral and nomadic Turcomans.—The fourth region, formed by the valley of Antioch, is rocky, irregular, and varying in elevation from 220 to 440 feet. It comprises, also, the alluvial plain of the Orontes, which gradually sinks to the level of the Mediterranean. This latter district is covered with shrubs, which are chiefly evergreens, and inhabited by a few families of Syrians, who, in these picturesque solitudes, chiefly follow mysterious rites, presenting a mixture of Mohammedanism and Christianity. It appears from the examination of this line of country, that there here exist two distinct regions,—the one low and already furnished with the means of water transport, and the other elevated, where the waters, which are lost in the valley of Aleppo, might be turned with facility into an artificial channel. Both regions are remarkably level, and present, when separately viewed, very few difficulties to be overcome for the construction of artificial roads.

A paper was also read by Mr. Henwood, on the Indicator and the duty of the Cornish Engines. It contained an account of experiments made on some of the pumping engines in Cornwall, for the purpose of ascertaining the quantity of steam employed, its distribution on the working stroke, the duty accomplished, and the quantity of work done for a given cost. The first was approximated to by the use of an indicator, consisting of a cylinder of 1.6-inch in diameter, and about 11 inches long, open at both ends, and fitted very accurately with a piston, attached to which is a helical steel spring connected to the top of the cylinder, and which tends to keep the piston in the middle of the cylinder. The piston-rod has at its upper end a receptacle for a pencil, and to the lower part of the cylinder is attached a cock gradually tapering to fit the grease holes in the working cylinders of the engines. On the top of the indicator cylinder is fixed a frame of wood, of about 18 inches in length, in which a board slides horizontally backwards and forwards by means of a connexion with the radius rod of the parallel motion. To this board is affixed a piece of paper, upon which the pencil at the upper part of the piston-rod, describes straight or curved lines, according as the piston and the slider move, at different times or together. These curved lines furnish accurate information as to the duty of an engine.

The STATISTICS of copper mines formed the subject of an interesting communication to the Statistical Society. The following is a condensed abstract of the most interesting historical particulars. In a report on the state of the copper mines, drawn up in the year 1799, it is stated, that "it was not until the latter end of the last century that copper ore was first discovered in Great Britain, and that was in working the tin mines of Cornwall, which had been wrought time immemorial." This statement the author believed to be not strictly correct; but that copper, probably the produce of mines more especially wrought for tin, was known at an early period, though in quantities by no means answering the demand even of those times. Hence, in the time of Henry VIII. its exportation was prohibited. Borlase, whose work was published in 1758, says, "that about forty years prior to that time, a certain Mr. Costar, who was particularly knowing in mechanics and hydraulics, invented a new *water-engine*, by which he drained some considerable mines with success." Mr. Carne, after adducing proof that copper only to a limited extent could have been raised in any part of England, earlier than the end of the sixteenth century, and that no records are extant of copper raised in Cornwall anterior to this period, concludes his argument by remarking, that "it appears probable that, previous to 1700, the copper ore produced in Cornwall was prin-

cipally, if not wholly, from the tin mines—or, at least, of mines originally worked for tin; and although it is by no means correct that it was not till the latter part of the seventeenth century that copper ore was first discovered in Great Britain, as was stated to a committee of the House of Commons in 1799, yet that appears to have been the period when mines were first set a-work *purposely* for copper. This is corroborated by the fact that although a charter for making brass was granted as early as 1595, it was not until 1691 that a charter was granted to refining and purifying copper; another circumstance which tends to the same conclusion is, that the copper money of Great Britain was not coined from British copper till 1717." The first steam engine in Cornwall was erected on a mine from 1710 to 1714. The second steam-engine was erected at Wheal Fortune in Ludgoan in the year 1720, and, imperfect as that instrument probably was, its importance was quickly felt. Sir C. Lemon possesses a memorial presented by those interested in the tin and copper mines of Cornwall (the date about 1727), praying that facilities might be given for the importation of coals, on account of the distressed state of the mines, and the necessity of working them to a greater depth. It is curious that the plea made use of is, that the old mines were nearly wrought out, and that the whole county had been so completely searched, that there was no hope whatever that any new lodes would be discovered. The existence, therefore, of the Cornish copper mines appeared at that time to depend on the application of the new power put into action by steam. Mr. Newcomen's engines were brought into Cornwall very early in the last century, where they immediately superseded the laborious method of drawing water by human exertions, applied through the simple medium of a chain pump, similar in construction to those at present used on board large ships. In 1778 were introduced the improved engines of Mr. Watt, of which seventeen were working in Cornwall in 1793. In 1813 commenced the system of regular returns from the principal engines of the county, in what is called the Duty Paper.

LECTURES ON DANTE.

For the last six weeks, every Monday afternoon, we have not failed to attend the learned and interesting series of lectures by Signor A. C. Albites, Professor of the Italian Language, late Italian Lecturer of the *Société de Civilisation* of Paris, &c., &c. He appears perfectly well acquainted with Italian Literature, and is as profound a critic as he is a fervent admirer of the admirable effusions of the bards of his native land. Individuals, whose knowledge of Italian was but slight, must have derived considerable benefit from this dissection and explanation of Dante's "*Divina Comedia*." In announcing that this Course of Lectures is now terminated, we most sincerely hope that M. Albites will shortly resume them upon Metastasio, Petrarch, Tasso, or Ariosto.

EXHIBITIONS.

The Fourth Exhibition of the New Society of Painters In Water Colours, at their Gallery, 53, Pall Mall, is far superior to any of the preceding. It is impossible to conceive that this style of painting could be brought to any extraordinary degree of perfection, until the admirable specimens collected at this Gallery be duly inspected: and then the visitor, who will doubtless have anticipated a view of a variety of small paintings, will be suddenly struck with admiration and astonishment at the beautiful display around him. We regret that we have no space to particularize any where all are good: but we sincerely congratulate the founders and members of this Society upon their

successful exhibition ; and as strenuously recommend our metropolitan readers to lose no time in acquiring a considerable degree of gratification for the sum of one shilling.

There is now being exhibited at the Egyptian Hall, a most extraordinary Embossed Tableau, representing the Battle of Arbela, in which Darius was defeated by Alexander. From a single sheet of copper, not more than one sixteenth of an inch in thickness, about a hundred and seventy to eighty figures have been actually "punched out," by the hammer and puncheon of the embosser, in *alto rilievo*. It is decidedly the most marvellous work ever recorded in the history of the art of embossing, and one to which no pen can do even a tithe of the justice it merits.

The Panorama of St. Sebastian, in Maddox Street, has already attracted a vast crowd of spectators, and will doubtless continue to do so, if its success depend upon its merits, which are decidedly of the highest order. It is one of the most interesting exhibitions now open to the public in London.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Messrs. W. S. Orr and Co., of Paternoster Row, are about to issue the "History of the Ottoman Empire," in Monthly Parts, with valuable engravings. The work will be complete, it is understood, in six large Octavo Volumes, comprising in all no less than three hundred sheets of letter-press. It is a translation from the German of J. DE HAMMER, by G. W. M. Reynolds, Esq. The Specimen Number, we believe, will be published on the first of July.

Mr. Moxon, of Dover Street, advertises the "Dramatic Works" of Beaumont and Fletcher, with Portraits and Vignette, in one volume, uniform with the "Curiosities of Literature."

The same spirited and talented publisher also announces the "Works of Ben Johnson," as a companion to the above.

We beg to call the attention of the reader to the advertisement sheet, in which a new work, to be published in this Magazine, is announced. It is from the pen of the Editor, Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds, and is principally connected with France and the French.

We perceive that a work on the "Art of Singing" is about to be issued by Messieurs. Sherwood and Co. ; and as the Author is no other than the celebrated Costa, it will doubtless experience the most signal success.

Preparing for Publication, in royal 4to., "Illustrations of the Zoology of South Africa;" consisting chiefly of figures and descriptions of the objects of Natural History, collected during an Expedition into the Interior of South Africa, in 1834, 1835, and 1836. By Dr. Andrew Smith, Director of the Expedition. This Work will be published in Parts, under the Authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury: the first Part is nearly ready.

Dr. Andrew Smith's "Journal of an Expedition into the Interior of Southern Africa," comprising an Authentic Narrative of the Travels and Discoveries of the Expedition under his direction, will shortly be published, in two vols. 8vo., illustrated by a map, and numerous plates of African Scenery; and of the dresses, weapons, dances, religious ceremonies, &c., of the natives.

The Rev. W. Tucker, M. A., has in the Press an 8vo. volume, entitled "Scriptural Studies," comprising—The Creation; The Christian Scheme; and the Inner Sense.

